

# Catholic Digest

A black and white photograph of a Native American man, likely from the Plains, wearing a large feathered headdress and a fringed garment. He is looking down, and the image is high-contrast, with deep shadows and bright highlights on the feathers and fringe.

JUNE  
1956

35¢

***The  
White-Negro  
Problem***



© 1986 U-HAUL CO.

## You can move just about anything in a U-HAUL Rental Trailer

Well...maybe you didn't go to an auction today—but the next time you *do* have something to move, rent a U-Haul Trailer! You'll find one at a neighborhood service station for local use or one-way anywhere. U-Haul furnishes guaranteed tires, hitches, tarps, emergency road service. Insurance available. Yet any model U-Haul rents for no more than an ordinary trailer. Call Western Union Operator 25, or see your phone book yellow pages for your nearest U-Haul Service Station Dealer.

You call U-HAUL...it's the \$mart Move!



**U-HAUL**  
RENTAL  
TRAILERS

Send now for, "How to Move With a U-Haul." U-HAUL CO., Dept. C-6, Box 6728, Portland 66, Oregon

The White-Negro Problem.....	Catholic Digest Survey	2
The Two Mysteries of Haigerloch.....	Max Jordan	6
Women Are Politicking.....	New York Times Magazine	10
Patsy D'Agostino: Neighborly Grocer.....	Lawrence Hughes	14
Stop Exploiting Your Husband!.....	Sidonie M. Gruenberg	18
Needed: Good Images of the Sacred Heart.....	Anthony Lauck, C.S.C.	25
My Four Hours at a Rummage Sale.....	Kiwanis Magazine	31
With the U.S. Army in a Communist Town.....	Stars and Stripes	35
Ted Mack of the Amateur Hour.....	Ralph Land	40
Old Altar Boys Never Die.....	Ave Maria	44
When the Russian Farmers Visited Us.....	The Freeman	49
Is Justice for Indians?.....	Oliver La Farge	53
We Gave Our Children Too Much.....	Family Weekly	59
Men of Malvern.....	Picture Story	62
How's Your Sense of Humor?.....	This Week	70
There's Nothing Like a Cable Car.....	Gabrielle Morris	73
What Would You Like to Know About the Church? J. D. Conway		77
The Mystery of Katyn.....	Plain Talk	83
A Labor of Love for Labor.....	Holy Name Journal	91
The Case of the Telltale Tooth.....	Today's Health	96
Bill Murphy's Business.....	Victor Rosen	100
Pearly Kings.....	Picture Story	103
How Safe Is Your Car?.....	American Mercury	106
Life in Vatican City.....	Norah Berkhuijsen	110
A New Approach to Psychiatry.....	Herbert and Dixie Yahraes	115
You Don't Have to Sue.....	Success Unlimited	121
Burglarproof Your Home.....	Norma Wickes Mulvany	124
Flights of Fancy.....	24	New Words for You..... 90
The Open Door.....	43	Hearts Are Trumps..... 99
In Our Parish.....	72	Catholic Digest Book Club
In Our House.....	76	Selection..... 127

Published monthly. Subscription price, one year: \$3; 2 years: \$5; 3 years: \$7; 5 years: \$10. Same rates for 2 or more yearly subscriptions, which may include your own. Entered as second class matter, November 11th, 1936, at the post office at St. Paul, Minn., under Act of March 2nd, 1879. Copyright 1956 by The Catholic Digest Inc. Printed in U.S.A.

## ST. PAUL OFFICE

Send subscriptions to this address:

2950 N. Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minn.  
 EDITOR..... Paul Rosard  
 MANAGING EDITOR..... Louis A. Galea  
 ASSISTANT EDITORS..... Kenneth Ryan,  
 Edward A. Harrigan, Henry Leau, Maurice  
 Murray, Joseph B. Connors.  
 ART..... Kern Pedersen  
 SALES..... George Hamilton

## NEW YORK OFFICE

44 East 53rd St., New York 22, N. Y.

ASSISTANT EDITOR..... John McCarthy  
 BOOK EDITOR..... Francis B. Thornton  
 CIRCULATION..... Robert C. Morrow  
 ADVERTISING..... Thomas J. McElroy

ENGLAND AND IRELAND: Catholic Digest, 16 So. Frederick Street, Dublin.

BELGIUM: Katholiek Digest, Ecclesia, and Familial, Pleinstraat 23, Antwerp.

THE NETHERLANDS: Katholiek Vizer 4 Dam, Amsterdam.

ITALY: Sintesi dal Catholic Digest, 5 Via S. Antonio, N., Milan.

GERMANY: Katholischer Digest, 39 Hirschstrasse, Am Hofen.

LATIN AMERICA AND SPAIN: Lo Mejor del Catholic Digest, 44 East 53rd Street, New York 22, New York.

BRaille EDITION: National Braille Press, 88 St. Stephen Street, Boston 15, \$10 a year.

Foreign subscriptions at \$3 a year should be sent to the addresses given, not to the St. Paul office.

"All that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts" (St. Paul in his letter to the Philippians, Chapter 4).

This is the argument of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. Its contents, therefore, may come from any source, magazine, book, newspaper, syndicate, of whatever language, of any writer. Of course, this does not mean approval of the "entire source" but only of what is published.

# The White-Negro Problem

*How serious is the split in our nation?  
Here, for the first time, are the facts*

**T**HIS ARTICLE IS the first in a series. It and following articles are based on a national survey of Negro-White relations conducted during the past year for THE CATHOLIC DIGEST by Ben Gaffin and Associates of Chicago.

The editors of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST think that discussion of any problem should be based on facts, not on wishful or gloomy suppositions. Now, for the first time, those who are trying to solve racial problems will know exactly what the situation is.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST is primarily interested in presenting a clear picture, not in editorializing on it. Results of the survey have therefore been submitted to persons familiar with special aspects of the problem for interpretation.

What then do people really think of segregation versus integration? The way the question was asked in the nation-wide survey was this. "Most suggestions for solving the Negro-White problem seem to be of two general kinds. One is to keep the two races far apart, the other is to bring them closer together. Which do you think is the better idea—to keep them apart or to bring them together?"

Answers reveal how completely split the nation is. White people are rather evenly divided on the matter. Negroes want the races brought together.

If you take the total white population, 42% wish them kept apart, 48% wish them brought together, and only 10% have no opinion at all.

But 90% of the Negroes wish the races brought together; only 6% desire them kept apart, and only 4% have no opinion.

It doesn't make much difference where the Negro lives, or how much education he has, or how old he is, or how much his income is, or what his religion is. In every case nine out of ten want the races brought together; that is, nine out of ten are opposed to segregation and in favor of integration.

Where a white man lives makes a lot of difference in his opinion. (For both Negroes and whites the Southern states comprise 16 states including the border states of Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Kentucky, West Virginia, Maryland, and Delaware, as well as the District of Columbia.)

Only 32% of northern whites want the races kept apart, while



74% of southern whites want them kept separate. To put it the other way, 58% of northern whites are for bringing them together, while only 17% of southern whites want them brought together.

	Keep Apart	Bring Together	No Opinion
Total Whites	42%	48%	10%
Northern	32%	58%	10%
Southern	74%	17%	9%
Total Negroes	6%	90%	4%
Northern	3%	95%	2%
Southern	8%	87%	5%

Here is the comment of the Honorable Eugene J. McCarthy, U. S. Representative from the 4th District of Minnesota. "The findings of the CATHOLIC DIGEST poll on this question reflect a basic difference between northern and southern whites.

"The Supreme Court has now declared that segregation, in itself, constitutes discrimination and violates one of the basic principles upon which our democracy and our constitutional protection of individual rights have been based. The present segregation did not, as is sometimes said, come about by any natural and gradual social process, but was aided and supported in large measure by governmental action—by statutes and ordinances applying to almost every area in which people live and work together.

"Desegregation can be similarly aided by governmental action, by the removal of the legal obstacles to

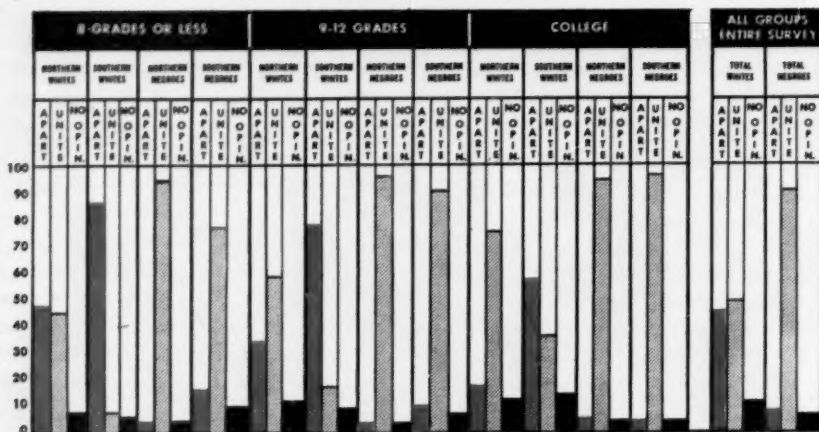
integration. Repeal of the present restrictive legislation, as a first step, would probably cause the allowance of time in which integration could occur gradually; however, there seems to be no willingness in the opponents of the court's decision to repeal the discriminatory laws on the statute books in various states.

"Therefore, this problem, a national, not a sectional one, which is basic to our democracy, seems to call for positive federal legislation to supplement and complement the decision of the Supreme Court."

Clarence Mitchell, director, Washington bureau, National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, makes the following comment. "Polls are useful in sampling public opinion. They must not be used to decide whether any citizen or group of citizens shall enjoy rights guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States. It is reassuring when a survey shows widespread support for rapid integration and full equality. However, even if the results of the inquiry are not favorable, there can be no slowing down or turning back.

"If ever we reach the place where the right to worship God, freedom of the press, and other great bulwarks of our democracy depend on results from polls, our nation is doomed. The Constitution does not say wait until next week or next year to enjoy one's rights. The time is now."

The problem is not one of reli-



gion, because there is practically no difference in opinion between Catholics and Protestants.

	Protes- tant	Cath- olic	Jew- ish	Other
<b>NORTHERN WHITES</b>				
Keep Apart	33%	30%	31%	23%
Bring Together	58%	61%	44%	61%
No Opinion	9%	9%	25%	16%
<b>SOUTHERN WHITES</b>				
Keep Apart	75%	76%	45%	63%
Bring Together	17%	19%	33%	5%
No Opinion	8%	5%	22%	32%
<b>NORTHERN NEGROES</b>				
Keep Apart	4%	.....	.....	.....
Bring Together	94%	100%	.....	97%
No Opinion	2%	.....	.....	3%
<b>SOUTHERN NEGROES</b>				
Keep Apart	8%	9%	.....	.....
Bring Together	87%	84%	.....	95%
No Opinion	5%	7%	.....	5%

Walter LeBeau, chairman, Department of Religion, College of St. Thomas, St. Paul, Minn., says, "The theology of the Negroes is correct. They are created by God just

as white people are. They have the same gifts of intellect and of free will.

"They are destined to the same immortality as whites are. All of us are God's children. We acquire merit by virtue, not by color.

"I'm surprised that there is little difference between Protestant and Catholic attitudes. The newspapers have claimed, time and again, that Catholics are taking the lead in improving race relations. This may be true of Catholic leaders, but the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey shows that Catholics as a whole, both in the North and the South, have the same attitudes on race as their Protestant neighbors. I am surprised that Catholic teaching on the Mystical Body has had so little effect."

While religion makes little difference, education makes all the difference in the world. Here are the figures.

	8 grades or less	9-12 grades	College
<b>NORTHERN WHITES</b>			
Keep Apart	48%	32%	16%
Bring Together	45%	58%	74%
No Opinion	7%	10%	10%
<b>SOUTHERN WHITES</b>			
Keep Apart	87%	77%	54%
Bring Together	7%	15%	34%
No Opinion	6%	8%	12%
<b>NORTHERN NEGROES</b>			
Keep Apart	3%	2%	3%
Bring Together	94%	96%	95%
No Opinion	3%	2%	2%
<b>SOUTHERN NEGROES</b>			
Keep Apart	14%	7%	2%
Bring Together	77%	89%	96%
No Opinion	9%	4%	2%

These findings were shown to Paul C. Reinert, S.J., president of St. Louis university, St. Louis, Mo. Here is his analysis. "The CATHOLIC DIGEST survey of attitudes toward race relations attests in compelling statistics that, as education advances from the elementary to the college and university level, there is effected in its products generally an increase of racial understanding and a decrease of racial prejudice. In a sense, it graphically and dramatically reasserts the truth that education is a vital protection against race hatred and bigotry.

"In addition, it points up most significantly that education can be the natural handmaid of legislation. The educator and the legislator are both concerned with effective methods of bettering human relations. They complement each other in their appreciation of the dignity of

essential, not accidental, God-given human nature. The statistics of this survey indicate that education might well be the key to the eventual general acceptance of racial legislation."

The president of Hunter college, New York City, Dr. George N. Shuster, sees it much the same way. "The results of your inquiry into public opinion concerning desirable relations between Negroes and whites are both astonishing and encouraging. We in education have long been inclined to believe that people's prejudices do disappear as a result of school experience, but that so much could be done to break down one of the foremost emotional barriers in America is an almost breathtaking revelation. I was particularly impressed by the situation among southern whites. That the percentage of those who do not believe that segregation is the answer is nearly five times as great among those receiving a college education as among those whose training is limited to the elementary school clearly indicates that enlightenment is possible.

"On the other hand, it is equally noteworthy that the number of northern Negroes who resist assimilation does not, although small, decrease in college. It would be interesting and helpful to find out why this is so. At any rate, I am, as I write this, surer than ever that formal education is not a failure after all."

By Max Jordan

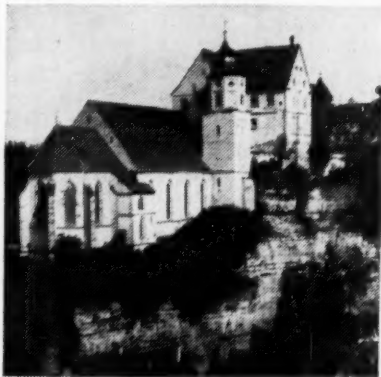
## The Two Mysteries of Haigerloch

*More than a decade has passed since the end of the 2nd World War, yet many of its mysteries remain unsolved. Here is a true story, the solution of which would seem to call for the united efforts of Sherlock Holmes, Scotland Yard, and the Federal Bureau of Investigation.*

*How close did Hitler really come to getting an atomic bomb? If he had it, might Germany not have snatched last-minute victory out of defeat? Who was the American captain who so dramatically spared the Catholic church at Haigerloch?*

*Father Gulde, the pastor, never heard his name. Why has he never told his side of this fascinating tale? Was he perhaps killed in the last days of the fighting? Or is he still living, somewhere in the U.S., and now and again thinking about the little German chapel which, thanks to him, is still a temple of the Lord and not a pile of rubble?*

**B**ACK IN 1945, Hitler's scientists were working feverishly in a last-ditch effort to complete an atomic bomb. The guided missiles, V-1 and V-2, had not fulfilled the promise of laying waste to Britain, the "unsinkable aircraft carrier." And across the Atlantic, as German intelligence knew only too well, the American scientists had about



reached the vital point of testing an atomic weapon. The first great atomic race was nearing the finish line, and the stakes were high.

Day and night, round the clock, aerial fleets rose from bases in England to bomb German cities. The Allies occupied all of France, half of Italy, and, in places, had reached German soil itself. The Red army was closing in from the East. Unless this last, desperate gamble paid off, Hitler was finished. On the other hand, if it did, the fortunes of war might be reversed. Now, belatedly, German physicists were granted top priorities for everything they needed in men and materials.

As the bombing of Berlin grew intense, German scientists moved their atomic laboratories from the Kaiser Wilhelm institute in sub-

urban Dahlem to the sleepy little medieval town of Haigerloch, in the county of Hohenzollern, near Stuttgart.

Haigerloch lies off the beaten path. The nearest highway passes a few miles east of the town. Tourists rarely pay any attention to it, although the whole place is a little masterpiece of medieval, Renaissance, and baroque art. An ancient Hohenzollern castle dominates the surrounding landscape. What caught the eye of Hitler's scientists, however, was not the beauty of the view, but the possibilities for concealment. Throughout the war, not one bomb had fallen there.

So the entire atomic laboratory was installed in a huge cave in the rock below the castle, immediately beneath the castle church. Before, the cave had served as a cellar for the local innkeeper. Now the beer and wine kegs were removed, and supplies of heavy water, uranium, cadmium, and graphite were moved in. Soon the work of building a uranium pile was under way.

Had the Allies known what was afoot, they would hardly have continued to spare Haigerloch from bombardment. Indeed, if an Allied blockbuster had penetrated the rock, it is quite possible that the world's first atomic explosion might have gone off, not at Alamogordo, followed by Hiroshima, but at little Haigerloch.

How long might the secret have been kept? The townspeople soon

sensed something very unusual going on, and took to referring, half jokingly, half guardedly, to their "dangerous secret." But only one local man managed to get inside the cave.

He was Father Marquard Gulde, Catholic pastor of Haigerloch and chaplain of the castle church on the rock. The one visit he was allowed to make did not reveal much to his untutored eye. He did notice one huge, balloon-shaped tank, made of lead (possibly the outer hull of the uranium pile) and a network of electrical wires running along the cave ceiling. That was all. But he did suspect that the Allies would like very much to know what he knew, and many a sleepless night he spent; and many a prayer he offered at his altar that the Allied air forces would not spot the unusual activity at Haigerloch.

Time ran out for Hitler. The war neared its end. But Haigerloch's secret had been well kept. The French troops who marched into the town on April 22, 1945, had no suspicion of the importance of their conquest. They soon pushed on, leaving only a small detachment to guard the town.

Later, an American military government team took over Stuttgart from the French. The Americans were looking, not for atomic installations, but for data on Nazi war criminals. As a matter of routine, they combed every German official record that had been left

behind. Imagine their surprise at what they thus found out about little Haigerloch!

A U.S. army detachment under the command of a captain was sent post haste to Haigerloch. They seized the strategic materials for shipment to the U.S., and started making preparations to blow up the laboratory.

Father Gulde begged the captain to spare the castle church. "I'm sorry, Father," the officer replied. "I'm a Catholic myself, and I sure hate to do this, but my orders are to destroy this place completely. We'll give your people an hour to get away; then up she goes!"

"But you have all the laboratory equipment and materials," the priest protested. "Isn't that enough?"

"Sorry, but I have my orders," was all the captain would say.

Father Gulde knew it would take more than his powers of persuasion to save the castle, and perhaps the town. If God chose to spare this beautiful chapel, now was certainly the time!

The American spoke no German, but he knew a little French. The priest knew a little French and a little English. "I finally got the captain to come along with me," Father Gulde recalls, "and at least see my church."

And what a church! It was a kind of baroque symphony in white and gold and silver. The main altar, in Renaissance style, was dedicated in 1609, just two years after the

chapel itself had been completed. The wrought-iron Communion rail with its Gothic crucifix goes back to 1500. Its statue of the Blessed Virgin, a Mater Dolorosa, has for centuries attracted pilgrims from far and wide.

The captain entered, and genuflected before the Blessed Sacrament. He gazed around him, and Father Gulde watched him closely to see whether he seemed moved by what he saw. But there was no sign. On they went along the side altars, each more beautiful than the one before. They looked beyond the altar gate to the richly carved choir stalls. Their eyes sought the ceiling, with its masterly paintings representing the Blessed Trinity, St. Fidelis, St. Christopher, St. Catherine of Alexandria.

"All this," the priest whispered, "will be destroyed forever if—" The captain did not reply.

But he continued to look around. He took everything in as if he had never seen such a church as this. Father Gulde shot another glance at him. Here, certainly, was no barbarian. Then the priest glanced at his watch. Fifteen minutes before the time limit would expire! No one, he knew, had left the town.

A few chords were struck suddenly on the organ at the back. The organist often appeared at the chapel to practice, especially when tourists were about. In happier days before the war, he had often played

for visitors, and now apparently he had decided to play even for this strange visitor. "*Veni Creator spiritus*"—the music rose to the ceiling.

"Let's go," said the captain, abruptly, and they went out. Silently they walked down the 150 steps to the cave. The pastor dared not say another word. Finally, when they reached the market square, he did find his voice. "Captain," he said, rather hoarsely, "hadn't I better go and warn the people to leave?"

The captain looked straight at him. "Not now. I'll get in touch with my superiors, and then we'll see."

Much later, the good word came from Stuttgart. The laboratory was to be dismantled, the cave would be allowed to remain. Father Gulde tried to thank the captain.

"Never mind, never mind," he said. "We were only doing our duty, you understand. I'm as glad to hear this as you are."

A few days later the detachment moved on. And that was the last Father Gulde has ever seen, or heard, of his American visitors.

Haigerloch is once again the sleepy little town it always was. Once in a while a traveler will come to look around, usually to see the house where the late Father Desiderius Lenz, who founded the famous art school of the Benedictine Archabbey of Beuron, was born. A few others come for the annual pilgrimage to St. Ann, when the lilacs are in bloom and the air is filled with a rare fragrance. But most casual tourists keep to the main road, and don't bother to stop at Haigerloch.



### *" . . . And Don't Tell Anyone."*

A YOUNG LADY from the Middle West, after being graduated from a business college, went to Washington and landed a job with the Federal government. She was proud of her new position, so she sat down to write her parents all about it.

"I work," she wrote enthusiastically, "in the data-analysis group of the aptitude-test sub-unit of the worker and analysis section of the division of occupational analysis. We devise tables showing fluctuations of strength for the bureau of labor utilization of the Defense Manpower Commission, which is directly responsible to the Office of Emergency Management."

Her mother, after thinking long and hard, sent her daughter a telegram: "Come home immediately."

*Drovers Telegram.*



By Eleanor Clark French  
Condensed from the  
*"New York Times Magazine"*



## Women Are Politicking

*Both major parties now count on their  
vote—and help—for victory*

THE WOMEN'S VOTE for Eisenhower in 1952 topped the men's by 1.3 million. With an eye to next November, politicians are asking what bait best lures the ladies. Politicians now realize they need the women, not only as voters on election day but as year-round workers in the vineyard.

Few party bosses are yet willing to invite the ladies into the smoke-filled rooms where strategy is hatched. But none deny their usefulness—in the voting booths, of course; and also at headquarters, stuffing envelopes; in the streets, ringing doorbells; at home, giving fund-raising teas. Women's active interest in politics, the men of both parties now concede, is important to victory.

But are women really interested in politics? "Interest in politics" can range all the way from informing one's self on candidates and issues and expressing a considered choice at the polls, to active membership in party ranks and holding office.

You hear a lot of talk about the increase in women's political activity since 1952 and of the record number of women who voted that year. Still, only 55% of the women eligible to vote in 1952 did so; in contrast, 63% of the male electorate went to the polls.

The men's voting record is poor but the women's is worse; the proportion of women who vote has always been lower than that of men. Even in recent years, women apparently have not been as interested in politics as men have.

As for participation in politics to the extent of holding office, women's record is weak, too. Since 1916, when Jeannette Rankin, Republican of Montana, was the first woman to be elected to Congress, only 60 women have served in that body. Nine of these have been senators, each of whom first entered Congress by filling out the unexpired term of a man (most often her husband).

Only two of the nine were subsequently elected to full Senate

terms: Hattie Caraway, Democrat of Arkansas, and Margaret Chase Smith, Republican of Maine. And only two women, Ma Ferguson, Democrat of Texas, and Nellie Tayloe Ross, Democrat of Wyoming, have been elected governors.

Why haven't women shown much interest in politics—at least, not until recently? Well, for one thing, women were not allowed to vote during the first 137 years of our national existence. Naturally, women became used to thinking of politics as the concern of men only. Many have not yet overcome this habit.

Women's lives, home-centered, have tended to make politics seem remote. What, a wife may ask, has politics to do with household problems? It's "no business of hers." When women have wanted to make politics their business, their moral sense has often been offended by corrupt machines and devious deals of political bosses. Women in general have been glad to leave a "dirty game" to the men.

Men's lives, in contrast to women's, develop outside the home. The factors with which a man must reckon in his daily activities are often the result of politics. The particular candidates elected to office, the taxes, tariffs, and business regulations fixed by government—all can have a direct bearing on his success or failure in business. A man must make politics "his business," and he does.

Besides, the idea that "women's place is in the home" has been carefully nurtured by men. The "weaker-sex" idea persists, too, and with it the conviction that women are inferior creatures. A male politician expressed this attitude recently to a woman who was being considered for high public office. "Our state ain't so poor it's got to have a woman in that job," he grumbled.

The typical American male has grown up to think of himself as protector and provider. The age of chivalry has left its mark, and man finds it hard to accept woman as an equal in the rough-and-tumble world, especially in politics. Besides, he doesn't quite know how to treat the lady; he is ill at ease. Should he cut out the cuss words, take his feet off the table, stand up when she comes into the room? So his solution has been: keep her out. Above all, don't give her a chance at competing for office. A woman candidate can be a threat to a man's job; thus she undermines the deep-rooted pride of man, the provider.

And women have let it be so. "Women need to change their attitudes about themselves," says Lt. Gov. Consuelo Northrop Bailey of Vermont, the only woman to hold such an office. "They get too easily discouraged, and often think men can do a better job. It's time women stopped being surprised at themselves when they win."

But it's not easy for a woman to

win, points out Senator Margaret Chase Smith, the only woman in the Senate and a veteran campaigner. "Women have to campaign much harder than men," she says, "because people have not become accustomed to women being candidates or officeholders."

But there are signs of change. Our way of life is not what it used to be. Young women of today, unlike their mothers, have never been prevented by law from voting. They see no reason why politics should be for men only. Politics can no longer seem remote to housewives when radio and TV bring it right into their homes. Today's women, better educated than their mothers, have more self-confidence and a greater awareness of events outside the home.

Programs to stimulate women's political interest are being stepped up and pepped up. Both major parties have for many years held conferences on political education for women. But never have they held so many as today and never has the response been so enthusiastic. "There's greater activity among women than ever before at this time," says Bertha S. Adkins, assistant to the chairman of the Republican National Committee, "and the women are younger, prettier, and more zealous."

The proportion of new recruits at these meetings is higher than ever before. At a conference of Democratic women in Milwaukee

recently, the chairman asked everyone who was a newcomer to politics to raise her hand. More than half the audience did so.

Labor organizations also need to get women more interested in politics; the turnout of women at the polls has been traditionally lowest among women in low-income brackets.

The former AFL Labor's League for Political Education has developed programs especially for women. As James P. McDevitt, former chairman of the LLPE and now codirector of the AFL-CIO Committee on Political Education, puts it, "We're going to go at the women harder than ever before—not only the women members of labor unions but the wives, sisters, mothers, and grandmothers of union members."

Many women are lured into political activity for the first time by the excitement of an election campaign. Much campaign activity is especially well suited to housewives' time schedules. Door-to-door canvassing, addressing envelopes, clipping newspapers, and similar projects can be slipped in between household chores.

Tea and coffee hours are taking on political significance. They are becoming a favorite means not only of raising funds but of arousing interest and rolling up votes. Edith Green, representative from Oregon, says that she was "poured" into Congress in 1952. She attended 375

coffee parties in 75 days. "They have their drawbacks, though," moaned one candidate, who had gained 15 pounds while campaigning.

Women's interest in politics is being aroused, their political training increased, their active participation encouraged. What will be the effects?

Analysts tell us that women are inclined to be more bound by tradition than men and less likely to espouse leftist issues. Studies of voting habits in the West and Midwest made by William McPhee of the Bureau of Applied Social Research at Columbia show a real divergence between the sexes when issues with a moralistic tinge, such as prohibition, legalized gambling, or horse racing, are at stake.

The survey clearly shows that the women are more "against sin" than men seem to be. Issues that come close to home (such as war or high prices) also have special appeal for women. Women's organizations were among the strongest opponents of the Virginia plan for sidestepping the Supreme Court's ruling on segregation in the public schools.

Yet women seem to be less "issue-conscious," more "candidate-conscious" than men. In a survey carried out at the Research center of the University of Michigan after the 1952 election, women were found to comprise only 39% of persons predominantly interested in

issues, but 61% of those primarily interested in candidates.

Do women's goals differ from those of men once they become active in politics? "A woman's just as good as a man," says Michael H. Prendergast, New York Democratic state chairman. "She won't follow the party line blindly the way some men do, but once she's convinced you're on the level, she'll work her head off for you." In the words of J. Judson Morhouse, Republican state chairman, "A woman has real insight into a man's motives, and once she's sure he's right, good and clean, she'll have tremendous loyalty to him."

"Women are wonderful workers and they're good at politics," says one party leader, "but they often let their hearts rule their heads. Take patronage, for instance. A woman is likely to want to give a job to a guy because he needs it and not because of what he can do for the party."

Is this good or bad? Will the rules of politics change when women participate in larger numbers, or will women's special characteristics serve to increase men's reluctance to invite them into inner councils?

It is still too early to make predictions. Enlightened leaders are changing their tunes about the ladies and politics from "Keep 'em out" to "Ask 'em in," but those who "ask 'em in" all the way are still in the minority.

By Lawrence M. Hughes

## Patsy D'Agostino: Neighborly Grocer

*The customers load the pushcarts now*

WHEN THE International Congress on Food Distribution meets in Rome on June 18, a prominent U. S. delegate will be a former pushcart peddler named Pasquale (Patsy) D'Agostino. As president of the National Association of Retail Grocers, Patsy will take part in ceremonies at the opening of a unique exhibit sponsored by the U. S. Departments of State, Agriculture, and Commerce.

The exhibit consists of a typical American supermarket, designed to show Romans what grocery shopping is like for American families. The demonstration does not mean that our giant grocery chains are preparing to invade the Eternal City. If that were the case, Patsy would have no part in the affair. For he has waged a long and lusty fight on the side of the neighborhood independents. He and his brother Nick ("D'Agostino Brothers: the Supermarkets of Distinction") are independent grocers themselves, with a business built on neighborly service to residents of Manhattan's East Side. They are currently doing busi-



ness at the astonishing rate of \$5 million a year.

Patsy will not be a stranger in Rome. For many years he and Nick alternated annual visits to Abruzzi to see their parents, both now dead. In 1948 the brothers went together. They were granted a private audience with Pope Pius XII.

Patsy will probably call on his friend Monsignor Abbing, director of the Italian Boys' Town at Civitavecchia. To help the monsignor's work, Patsy has already raised \$85,000 from people working in American food industries.

In addition to managing his business, Patsy finds time to be vice chairman of Catholic Charities for Greater New York, and to teach retailing at New York City college. (His own formal education totaled five and a half years; it startles him whenever a student in his retailing course addresses him as Professor.)

The years have polished Patsy's once strikingly original grammar and pronunciation, and, to some extent, have eased his routine. He no longer rises at 5:20 A.M., to lace his coffee with a shot of whisky, and rush off to the Bronx Terminal market to haggle over the price of broccoli. But he still puts in a ten or 12-hour day.

He spends about half his working hours right on the floors of the stores: checking stock, inspecting produce, advising managers, greeting customers. Many of his customers are the married sons and daughters of people he served in his first one-man store in the East Side's Yorkville section.

I first met Patsy in his Yorkville store before the 2nd World War, when he was still working in a white apron. We resumed our acquaintance this year, and I paid a visit to the newest D'Agostino market, at 35th St. and 3rd Ave. Patsy, wearing a brown Homburg, got out of a dusty yellow Cadillac and carried a packing case into the store. Then, the day being Friday, he kept me waiting while he drove away again to restock the clam department. Finally we had a chance to talk, in the store manager's little "lookout" office. Patsy would swing around now and then to survey a different kind of pushcart traffic than he knew as an immigrant boy 35 years ago.

We looked down through dazzling fluorescence at mountains of

food between spacious aisles, at gleaming counters, some refrigerated the length of the store. Pleasant mood music flowed from the amplifiers; conveyor belts sped the work at the checkout counters. Today, all the meat is prepackaged and many vegetables and fruits are prewrapped. But Patsy still pinches the produce regularly, and Nick, who began as a butcher, keeps a close check on all the meat.

Patsy told me why he does not fear competition from the big chains. "In the grocery business," he explained, "the independent operator has some advantages of his own. He does not have so many resources, but he is more flexible. When something new comes up, he doesn't have to wait for instructions from headquarters. I can change a merchandising policy in five minutes. Our managers can, too."

D'Agostino Brothers now have four stores, and will open three more this year. Patsy expects their annual volume to reach 8 million by 1957. Thus far, he and Nick have financed the growth themselves. But it takes about ten years for each store to return its full investment. To help pay for current expansion, the brothers have borrowed \$300,000.

"I could have had all the money I wanted," Patsy emphasizes, "from just one store. But we needed to make the business provide room for our families." All of Patsy's and Nick's six children have worked in the stores; the brothers are hoping

that their sons will succeed them.

The children have all been given the best education Patsy and Nick could provide; the D'Agostinos, like all self-educated men, place a high value on thorough schooling. Patsy had to learn to read English from comic strips in tabloid newspapers, subtitles of silent movies, and the monthly bulletins of the National Retail Grocers' association.

Patsy still has his pushcart voice, and, when roused, may express himself stormily. But his roar is more likely to be produced by a small irritation than a real disaster. Last Lent, he promised not to raise his voice at all.

He also made another promise. One of his old friends is the father of a Franciscan novice who has developed skin cancer. By way of an offering for the young man's recovery, Patsy vowed to do his best to persuade the owners of New York City's thousands of groceries to close for three hours on Good Friday.

Patsy's best efforts still weren't quite enough. He couldn't induce the big chains to give up three hours of a day that is always a profitable one; the independent owners then said that they would have to stay open in self-defense. But the D'Agostino stores were closed.

Patsy, now 51, came to the U.S. in 1920, when he was 15, with his father. After working for a time at industrial jobs, father and son went to New York City and rented push-

cart space at 8th Ave. and 141st St. There, another pushcart peddler named Patsy Tucciarone gave the boy the idea of Americanizing his first name, Pasquale. Tucciarone also taught him such essential English words as *tomato*, *potato*, and *string beans*.

Business was unsteady. "Some days," Patsy reminisces, "it was ridiculous how much we didn't sell." But they averaged sales of \$30 a week. They slept in an unheated room back of a store, which they rented for \$8 a week.

Patsy saved his money. By the time he was 18 he had saved \$900. He went into business for himself, and lost everything. He then went to work at the New York shops of the New Haven railroad as a pipe-fitter's helper; but soon he applied for, and got, a transfer to the railroad's shops near Norwood, Mass. He could not face his father's disappointment in him for renouncing the independent pushcart business. And he had become deeply interested in a telephone operator named Irene Salemmé, who lived at Dedham, Mass.

Patsy's only progress in Massachusetts was with Irene. He arrived to find that the Norwood shop was on strike. The next spring he was back at the stand with his father.

But the handwriting was on the pushcarts. One June morning in 1925, the D'Agostinos set out to make a killing in string beans. They bought 25 bushels at 65¢ a bushel,



and priced them at three pounds for a quarter. "And then," says Patsy, "it starts to rain, thunder, and lightning, just like cats and dogs. By dark we are trying to sell beans two pounds for a nickel. We are still stuck with 22 pounds. And the next day is Sunday."

He had been longing to be a grocery clerk. In that job, a young man could look neat and work indoors, for only ten or 12 hours a day. An East Side grocer named Gennaro Gentile hired him. Gentile is the only man Patsy has ever referred to as "the boss."

Then he accepted an offer to work for the First National grocery chain in Boston. En route, he stopped at Dedham to marry Irene. After a year, Patsy was made store manager. But he and his wife finally moved back to New York.

It took Patsy awhile to get over being ashamed of his foreign background. With \$800 he had saved, he and another Italian youth named Domenick Clemente set up a grocery under the name Austin and Clements. "We were very English," Patsy recalls, "but in three months

the whole business failed anyway."

Another friend, Bill Espinosa, changed his point of view. An Italian name had not kept Bill away from West Point. Bill showed Patsy that in America an ambitious, capable youngster, regardless of name, need not be bound by the class lines that might hold him back abroad.

Patsy started over again in 1930, the first full year of the depression. With a borrowed \$4,000, he bought a partnership with elderly Frank Tucciarone in a store at Lexington Ave. and 83rd St. Before long, Tucciarone was ready to retire. Meanwhile, Brother Nick had come to this country and was learning the butcher's trade. In 1932, Nick replaced Tucciarone as partner. Gradually, the D'Agostino brothers turned the corner and began their ascent.

"In the early days," Patsy says, "I used to pray that God would let me earn enough money to go back to Italy, and never let me see America again. I am grateful that He did not answer."

Perhaps He did.

### *Incommunicado*

AFTER GIVING the private a dressing down for being so late in returning with the supplies, the sergeant demanded, "Okay, let's hear how it happened, Miller."

"Well, I picked up a chaplain along the road," explained the rookie, "and from then on them mules couldn't understand a word I said."

*Agricola* (March '56).

# Stop Exploiting Your Husband!

*A famous feminist takes a look at the other half of the picture*

**M**OST OF my life I have been fighting for women's rights. Now I find I must stand up for men's rights. For I detect a danger signal in many young families today: the growing tendency of wives to exploit their husbands. Yes, I mean *exploit*, in its strongest sense: to use selfishly for one's own ends.

I am not talking about the nagging women who chip away at their husbands' self-respect, nor about women who hound their husbands for fur coats, cars, and cruises.

I am talking about perfectly nice young wives—not lazy, not vicious, not overly grasping, and not at all stupid—who are taking unfair advantage of the fact that today's husbands are willing to help at home. These young wives are shifting their household responsibilities onto their husbands. And in many instances they are using their men as outlets for their own frustrations.

Take Mary Jones. Each weekday night, just as her husband Hal is due to walk in the door, she begins to slow down. By the time he arrives, she is limp with fatigue. If he is delayed, she becomes frankly irritated. For Hal is her relief, and she makes no bones about it. The



minute he gets home, he takes over. Mary all but collapses.

Hal gives the three children their baths, puts them to bed, and then helps Mary put dinner on the table. After dinner, he clears the table and washes the dishes alone. By the time he is finished, Mary is usually asleep. She has had a hard day, for the children are all under school age and Mary doesn't have a maid. If Hal, too, has had an exhausting day, that's just too bad.

Mary is heading for serious trouble. Hal may soon find it necessary to work late at his office several nights a week. He may visit his out-of-town clients oftener than absolutely necessary. He may have to "clean up a few things" at his desk on Saturdays. Mary can blame herself, for she is exploiting her husband.

I cite Mary's case (a true one, although extreme) because it shows so clearly the danger that is threat-

ening many American marriages.

Last summer, when my husband and I were vacationing in California, we often went to the beach. There I met many young, attractive mothers, apparently carefree, who chatted and lolled while keeping an eye on their children. At first I supposed that these lucky young women had household help or were so amazingly efficient that they could finish all their housework before nine in the morning.

Then I learned that one girl always went to the phone around five o'clock, to tell her husband (a busy doctor) what to pick up at the market on his way home. I heard one wife tell another that she made her husband drop his Saturday tennis games. "I have to clean house Saturdays," she said. "I simply can't do it unless John takes the children out from underfoot."

Since all these women would get home only a few minutes before their husband's return from work, I could picture the frantic rush that greeted every father: children's baths, children's supper, dinner preparations. The mothers would be working right alongside the fathers (not collapsing like Mary), but would that excuse the welcome-home turmoil? Couldn't they have done most of these chores before their husbands came home?

At a housewarming party, I found myself making the tour of our host's new house in the company of another guest, a young law

student. When we came to the modern laundry just off the kitchen, the young man sighed. "Boy," he said, "would this make my life easier!" I learned that he handled the entire laundry job at his house, ostensibly because his wife was not strong enough to carry the clothesbasket up and down the basement stairs. He told me this in a matter-of-fact way. It did force him to sit up after midnight studying, he admitted. When I met his wife later, I saw that she was a robust girl. I could not help wondering why she made her husband take over the laundry.

I could cite a hundred lesser examples.

The wife who greets her husband with a tool in her hand and an emergency-repair job that must be done immediately. The girl who saves up all the household errands and chores for her husband to handle on Saturday. The civic-minded young mother who uses her husband as a sitter night after night while she dashes out to meetings.

But the key to husband exploitation lies more in attitudes than actual events, that is, in how a wife feels about the work her husband does (or does not do) around the house. If she feels abused, if she feels that whatever her husband does cannot make up for the freedom she has lost in marriage, then she is mentally set to exploit him.

I think the average young husband of today is highly sympathetic

### *Meet and Just*

**I**T WAS right for woman to be made from a rib of man . . . to signify the social union of man and woman, for the woman should neither use authority over man, and so she was not made from his head; nor was it right for her to be subject to man's contempt, as his slave, and so she was not made from his feet.

St. Thomas Aquinas in the  
*Summa Theologica*, I, q. 92, a. 3.

with what we call "modern woman's dilemma." He knows his wife is a person and wants to help her maintain her individuality.

He gains his own sense of satisfaction from the realization of her individuality, as well as from his participation in the home. It's his home, too, and he spends a lot more time in it these days. He's vitally interested in his children; he wouldn't turn their care over to their mother entirely, even if he could. The interest that young husbands take in today's home is one of the great gains of modern family life.

But when feminists like me deplored the old picture of papa reading his evening paper while mama cooked the dinner and kept the children quiet, we certainly didn't intend that papa should move into the kitchen and mama take to the easy chair. When we talked of

marriage as a partnership, we never meant to split the household tasks right down the middle, half for the wife, half for the husband, and never mind the task of supporting the family!

Men have a right to find a little peace, pleasure, and protection in their homes. Protection may seem an odd word to apply to men. Yet truly, what does a man need more when he comes home from work than to be shielded from crisis, pressure, direct responsibility?

Earning a living is hard work. A wife, bored and fatigued, up to her elbows in soapsuds, may think that a paying job is relatively more satisfying and stimulating. But, in fact, her husband's job may be equally exhausting and in many important ways, frustrating. Earning a living is a responsibility. And the responsibility is continuous for him. Must he also be worried by what is, after all, primarily his wife's job?

Let me put it this way: the man's job is to earn a living (even if he also helps with child and house care): the woman's job is to run the home (even if she also contributes to the family income).

As I spell this out I surprise even myself. For as long as I can remember, I have fought the entire concept of "woman's work" as traditionally confined to kitchen, hearth, and child care. I wouldn't for the world go back to the days when all tasks were sharply divided into "his" and "hers" and with all

house and children jobs marked "hers."

My own husband was an exception when he hung our first baby's diapers out on the line. Our neighbors thought him odd, if not hen-pecked. But that was 40 years ago; now our first baby has a son of his own. Today the exception is not the father who helps out but the father who sits out the early years of child care.

I'm all for this new kind of father and what he does in the new household. I'm particularly glad the change came about gradually and amicably. The "revolution" required no parades, placards, nor aggressive demands from us women. It happened as a part of a pervasive social change in all aspects of living. Today, young men and women share the same activities, and our family living is the healthier for it.

But now I'm afraid that too many young women are taking unfair advantage of their husbands' co-operative spirit.

The exploiting wife will argue that she has no help at home. Her mother had a maid; her grandmother had a "hired girl" or a maiden aunt. Today's young wife has no one but her husband. She simply cannot do the whole job alone, at least not while the children are under school age. Besides, unrelieved household work would turn her into a drudge: her husband certainly would not like that.

She can explain everything she

has her husband do with equal conviction. Her husband has to put the children to bed because she has been taking care of them alone for 12 hours or more and he is fresh from the office. If she has to exert another speck of patience or humor or understanding, she will scream. Besides, she is busy getting dinner ready. He wants a good dinner; this means work for her.

Her husband must act as a handyman because hiring someone costs so much. Her husband must do the marketing because he has the car, because the children blitz the supermarket, or because he passes the store on his way home anyway. For the same set of reasons, he must pick up his shirts from the laundry, take the lawnmower to be sharpened, or go to the bank.

Her husband must take care of the children on his time off from work week ends; that's the only time she can shop, visit her friends or simply have a little time to herself. Everybody needs a day off. Doesn't she? What is more, the children need time with their father; all the books say so.

But behind all these reasons (most of them true as far as they go) lurks one deeper reason. Many wives today resent the restrictions of family life. They resent their husbands' relative freedom. They sometimes feel trapped by motherhood.

I can understand why at times motherhood seems a trap. The modern girl is brought up with complete

freedom of choice. Even after she marries (of her own free choice and to the man she chooses), her horizon does not shrink noticeably. She can go on working or not, as she prefers. But once she has children she suddenly finds herself in a situation where she has no real choice at all. She is the one responsible for the day-to-day care of her children.

For most women, being responsible means being *there*. The average job for a woman outside the home does not pay enough to cover the cost of a helper. Besides, the average young woman of today doesn't wish a career, she wishes to look after her own children. But even the young mother who prefers to stay home sometimes feels trapped by the never-ceasing demands of her children and household.

When a young mother feels trapped, she is in no mood to think about lofty concepts like fulfillment. True, she would not take a million dollars for her children. But she was led to believe she could have a home and children and leisure, too!

I can understand how a young mother feels, but I can not justify what certain ones do about it. You do not get out of a trap by pulling in your only possible partner.

Far better to get a true perspective on your life, to see this present phase for what it is: difficult, but temporary. Realize that your challenge is not just to endure it but

### *Papa's to Blame!*

THE FAILURE of men to play their natural role as head of the family is one of the greatest hidden causes of divorce, according to Dr. John R. Cavanagh, Washington, D.C., psychiatrist.

When men abdicated their responsibility, he says, they deprived their male children of needed paternal supervision. Child rearing exclusively by women has produced "weak, passive males" whose "emotional insecurity makes them poor marriage partners." Dr. Cavanagh insists that a man "must accept the responsibility for which he is designated by God and nature."

*Associated Press (14 March '56).*

to live it most fully. True, this period is most demanding. It is also very rewarding. I think that women acknowledge the rewards. What they can't accept are the demands.

Once your children start going to school, you will have much of the day for yourself. When they go off to college or marriage or other lives of their own, you will still have half your life ahead of you.

No previous generation of women could make that statement. Your great-grandmother died young, possibly in childbirth. Your grandmother outlived her youngest child's need for her but had nothing to do but be a grandmother. Your own

mother may be in somewhat the same plight right now, but being a grandmother is not what it used to be. Finding her nest empty one day took her by surprise. Today's young wives are the first generation with a reliable, pliable future.

It will make all the difference if you can see your present job as one distinct part of your whole life. Then you will be able to enrich your life during these years so that you will be ready to take fullest advantage of the next phase of your life.

Also, you must realize that even within the next ten years your job will change many times.

Sometimes these subphases are so dramatic you can't help but appreciate them, unless you bog down in self-pity.

One day your children's conflicting schedules begin to mesh: you can bathe, feed, and nap them all at the same time.

One day the youngest child learns to dress himself. You still have to lay out his clothes and tie his shoes, but once you used to have to catch him and dress him on the run!

One day the oldest boy learns to ride his two-wheeler without your running alongside, then to mount the bike without your holding it for him. Soon you can trust him to go out by himself.

One day the toddler learns to get down himself from the fantastic places he climbs up to. He tires of pulling things out of dresser

drawers. He stops putting everything into his mouth.

One day your little girl learns to handle her brother without fisticuffs. She starts picking up her toys and hanging up her clothes.

If you will look back honestly, you will see that your job as it now stands is less wearing than it was a year ago.

Through these busy years what is happening to your relationship with your husband? Is it truly growing, deepening? Or is there instead a slow disintegration of that wonderful oneness with which you both began your marriage?

If you must sacrifice, reconsider your household routines. Would it, for example, be intolerable to leave the dinner dishes in the sink once in a while? True, it may upset your schedule next morning. But which is more important—relaxing with your husband (without making him feel guilty about not helping with the cleanup) or walking into a spotless kitchen in the morning?

Our American standards of material luxury are high. How expensive, in terms of your relationship with your husband, are your own ideas of gracious living? Does your husband really care if the house is spotless? Or would he perhaps prefer that it be less thoroughly clean so that you and he can have more fun? Can you put away your collection of knickknacks and use plastic place mats for meals? Can you dress the children in blue jeans



more often? Can you use more fabrics that do not require ironing? Can you find other ways to cut down on housekeeping chores?

You may think of hiring a sitter on occasion and have her take the children out while you and your husband enjoy your home alone together. Maybe this is expensive, but haven't you a friend in the same situation? Perhaps you could arrange to send your children over to her house some Sunday afternoon, in exchange for taking care of her children the next Sunday.

If I were a young housewife today, I would frankly talk over these proposals with my husband. I would let him know that I regard the household as my responsibility. I would try to give him a choice: Would he rather have a relaxed hour before dinner or an early

dinner? Would he rather have breakfast alone while you are dressing the children upstairs or should you take the children and their clothes downstairs so that he can shave and dress more peacefully?

All this does not mean that he will not take part in the joint work of raising the children and running the home. It does mean that his needs, too, will be considered.

Today, we are recognizing the individual needs and rights of every member of the family. We must work out ways to meet these needs without making a martyr of anyone. This is a challenging task. Our rewards will come in closer relationships within the family. They will come in families organized to help each member live most richly in the present, and prepare most fully for the next phase of life.



Inevitable as a path across a corner lot.

Arch Ward

She gave Junior a large yelping of spinach.

John E. Fiero

Mountain-climbing over mole hills.

Wall Street Journal

Children getting their Salk, balk, and squawk polio shots.

LeRoy J. Hebert

Ticking clock tocking to itself.

Walter Winchell

Story spreading like sunrise.

Fulton Oursler

*[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Contributions from similar departments in other magazines will not be accepted. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]*

# Needed: Good Images of the Sacred Heart

*Bad art hampers devotion*

I WAS INVITED to speak on the Sacred Heart of Jesus in art at a recent conference at Xavier university in Cincinnati. I teach art at Notre Dame university. I was enthusiastic about the invitation until I began to search for good images about which to talk.

Three librarians, after some research into the subject, found almost nothing. One of them complained that even good books on the Sacred Heart left the matter of representations untouched. The head of our reference library at Notre Dame shook his head. "I don't think there are any good images," he said.

I called on my friends for help. Maurice Lavanoux, long-time editor of *Liturgical Arts*, laughed, and told me he once was asked to speak on the same subject. He had declined because it was so hard to find images worth talking about.

One of our best-known makers of stained glass told me, "You will have great difficulty in finding good examples of the Sacred Heart. The subject has been badly treated." An artist whose work many of you have seen in Catholic magazines and Christmas cards, said, "I have never



*A traditional church-goods statue. Whatever sculptural form may exist is buried under a maze of garish color, heavy drapery, and naturalistic details. There is no chance for a supernatural or aesthetic note to come through.*

seen one that is completely satisfactory." A Religious who helped organize the largest body of Catholic artists and art teachers said flatly, "There are no good Sacred Heart pictures."

Thus it was that as I gathered my papers together I told my friend,

the artist Ivan Mestrovic, that I was going to Xavier university to speak about a subject which does not exist.

There are dozens of holy cards, prints, pictures, and statues of the Sacred Heart available in the shops. None of them are very good. As Graham Carey has said, "The usual image of the Sacred Heart has become almost a synonym for religious vulgarity."

For years I have carried in my prayer book a holy card of the Sacred Heart. I keep it as a bookmark in remembrance of a dear friend. I seldom notice what it represents. If I do, I observe what a weak, effeminate face our Lord has, and what sickly colors cover the card. The figure has the hands and heart of a child. It emphasizes details which repel, and which make the Sacred Heart less attractive to us. Our Lord was a real Man, with the hands and arms and build of a carpenter, one who appealed to men and stood up to men in his day. But this effeminate image will appeal to few men.

Notice how few men attend parish devotions. Could this be in some degree the fault of the pictures and statues which men find in church? Sentimentality and forced emotions drip indiscriminately from the statues. Powerful angels are shown as awkward babes. Women saints have Hollywood make-up. Men saints and our Lord Himself are shown with dolls' eyes, femi-

nine features, and languishing postures. Men, too, need awakening images, quickening images, absorbing images, in church. They wish more vigor and animation, more strength and character, in the pictures and statues about the altar.

Our pictures of the Sacred Heart are being turned out today by magazine illustrators, not artists. They are pretty, soft, delicately tinted picture stories. They may please a young girl. They may nauseate a grown man. If we are to create images of the Sacred Heart with a



*The painter of the Sacred Heart of Montmartre has taken such pains with a hundred superficial details—eyelids, nostrils, hair, folds, and wrinkles—that the entire conception remains skin-deep and shallow.*



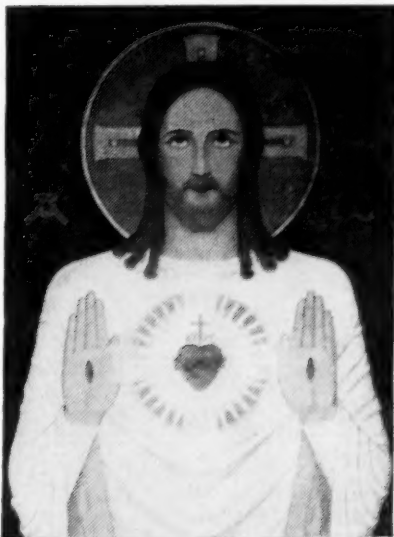
*Restraint and reverence mark this modern Italian bas-relief. As pure sculpture it has quality. The face, however, is a trifle soft and the heart too small.*

living, vital significance, images which will remind us of our Lord's love, we must go to the true artist.

I once had the pleasure of visiting the *Chiesa del Frari*, a historic Franciscan church in Venice. People were scattered here and there as I entered it one dark, cold morning. Then a venerable old custodian came in, and turned on a light in the sanctuary, where Titian's *Assumption* hangs over the high altar. At once there seemed to be a surge of movement toward the sanctuary, everyone drawn as if by a magnet to the magnificent painting. The power of sacred art is as great as that of secular art, when it is

exercised by a competent artist.

One virtue of a good painting is durability. We can look at it again and again without tiring of it. Make this test for yourself. Pin on a wall of your room a color print clipped at random from some magazine. Beside it attach a good print of a master painting. Let them remain there for several months, and look at them a little each day. After a while you may find that the illustration loses its charm or interest and grows tiresome. The fine art print will hold you, if the print is good and the color true. One of the tests of good work is this quality of endurance. Surely we want our



*The School of Beuron made brave efforts to clear away meaningless details, and to reach out for the sacred character through design and expressive line.*

images of the Sacred Heart to have this quality, and to make enduring impressions on our hearts.

On this earth we shall never find the masterpiece which spells out everything about Christ's love. Just as truly as the "charity of Christ surpasses all knowledge," so it surpasses all that art can express. Nevertheless, art is a powerful medium. In lines and forms it can express many truths about divine love more fluently than words can.

The love of our Lord is an intense, glowing abyss. It is fathomless and measureless in its depth and breadth. It is overflowing, abundant, and rich. This idea of richness and abundance should be translated into the forms of our sacred images. Lines which are broad and full, lines which reach out, should suggest the breadth and expanse of love. Flame-like lines or patterns, or warm, vibrant colors might convey the idea of glowing love. Full forms, convex or rounded planes, textures, accents; any of these might suggest abundance.

Again, in the love of the Sacred Heart is a personal, warm affection, as between understanding friends. Our Lord regards us with mercy and sympathy. He is responsive to our needs. This personal side of the Sacred Heart, too, should be translated into the image. It is perhaps the most difficult aspect to translate, because of the danger of falling into sentimentality, and it must be approached with caution.

Finally, the love of the Sacred Heart is eminently accessible, an open gateway. It is marked by a



Recently someone discussed with Ivan Mestrovic the lack of good Sacred Hearts. The great Croatian sculptor became interested. He created this oversize plaster within a few weeks.



*Among extant paintings of the Sacred Heart, this is believed to be the earliest, done in Ecuador about 1700. It still remains one of the best we have.*

readiness to give. He bestows his gifts liberally and generously, in a large and noble way. His love pours forth through time and space, extending to every soul and every age. This open, liberal, generous giving forth of love might also be portrayed by the religious artist in line, pattern, color, and form.

I do not suggest that we shall create better images of the Sacred Heart by abstract concepts. After some years of experience with sacred themes, I have become distrustful of purely abstract art for the religious image.

To pray is to converse. Prayer is a dialogue, "person to person." Our blessed Lord and the saints are persons, with natures like ours. I think we must sense this intimate, human, warm note of personal identity in the images which aid our prayer.

Images are reminders. They must evoke the idea of people with powers of thought and speech, of sympathy and responsiveness. Further, likenesses of saints may appear gracious, without losing their art

*This lithograph was done by the distinguished designer Frank Kacmarcik. Artists and initiates in art might find the image strong, satisfying, and well composed. Whether the picture would be appropriate in a public place for large groups is a question.*

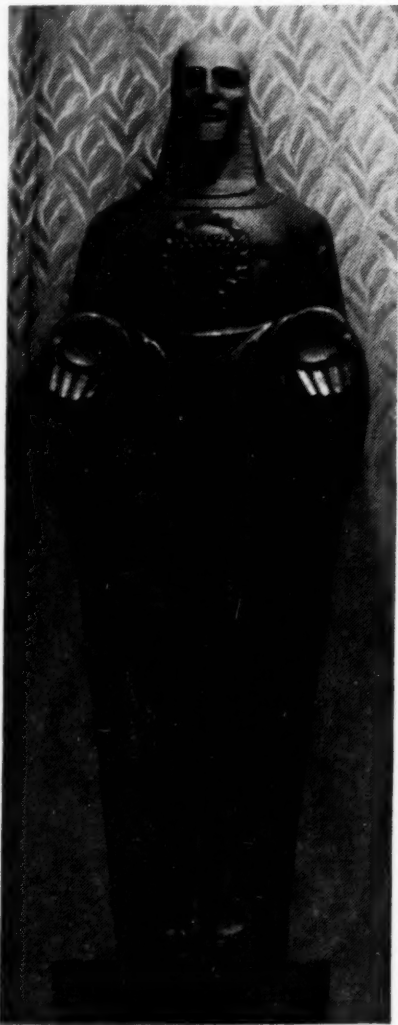


and beauty. On the other hand, I can hardly imagine any rational soul kneeling before a piece of welded steel that looks like nothing under heaven, and being reminded of the Sacred Heart and moved to pray to Him.

By contrast with what we have, what are we seeking? We seek figures of our Lord which have vitality and animation, as well as good construction. Our Lord should "stand on his own feet" and not be overwhelmed in folds of clothing.

His stance should be noble but natural. All the parts of his body and clothing should move together in a harmonious arrangement. The forms should be unified and well-knit, flowing easily one into the other. The features should be genial and friendly, cordial and manly and perhaps reserved. If color is used it should be carefully chosen and blended. Color should appear to come from within and to be a part of the form itself, not applied on top of the form. The color on bad statuary makes the figures look as if they were wearing rouge, lipstick, and wigs.

Jesus Christ, whose likeness we seek, once assured us, "Seek and you shall find." We must not be satisfied with shoddy art. We must still press on, in search of a worthy image, one that will lift up our hearts, remind us of his constant, burning love for us, and stir us to return that love in our lives. As He said, one day we shall find it.



*A carving by the author, Father Anthony Lauck, C.S.C., of the University of Notre Dame. "I too have tried to put into large sculptured form something that suggested the abundance of the divine love and the nobility of the divine Lover."*



By Joseph N. Bell  
*Condensed from the "Kiwanis Magazine"\**

## My Four Hours at a Rummage Sale

*I found that possession is ten points of the law*

RECENTLY I was exposed head-on to a favorite activity of several organizations my wife belongs to: a rummage sale. As you may know, this kind of fund-raising enterprise consists of about eight hours of pandemonium during which dozens of people (most of them members of the sponsoring group) mill about in a space the size of a bathroom trying to dispose of the oddest collection of junk assembled since the most recent time-capsule was buried.

I got involved in this particular rummage sale because it was held in a neighborhood distinguished principally by the number of murders committed there. The girls thought it desirable to have a man around "to guard the money." When I asked why they didn't have the sale somewhere else, I got the vague answer that "everyone had them there."

When Janet and I walked in, the sale was already under way, and so was an argument. An elderly and irascible gentleman was having violent words with several of the ladies. He stomped off before I

could catch the gist of the conversation. It was a grim story I finally pieced together. The old gentleman had come in to browse, and had left his cane leaning near the doorway. He returned to find it gone. One of the girls had sold it for 50¢ to a customer who had long since de-

### TYPE OF RUMMAGE



Upper Suburban   Middle Suburban   Lower Suburban

parted. The ladies gave the elderly man the 50¢ but no additional satisfaction, maintaining stoutly that he had placed the cane by the doorway at his own risk.

One thing that impressed me about this rummage sale (and I suppose they're all alike) is that most of the sales are made within the membership—a sort of inbreeding process that perpetuates the

\*520 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill., March, 1956. © 1956 by Kiwanis International, and reprinted with permission.

rummage. We live in a suburban area that includes people with a wide range of incomes. The type of rummage that each member offers is a pretty clear indication of which income bracket her husband falls into. It breaks down into a classification something like this.

1. *Upper Suburban*. Winter coats used sparingly for one season; unworn gift aprons; albums of unplayed phonograph records.

2. *Middle Suburban*. Slightly warped card tables; two-season-old children's clothing; three-season-old men's clothing.

3. *Lower Suburban*. Soleless shoes; broken dishes; shredded neckties; bottomless tubs; hardened paint.

This potpourri is funneled into the site of the rummage sale the night before the doors are opened to the public, and the evening is theoretically spent pricing the merchandise. What actually happens is that the lower and middle-income members buy up the choice merchandise at fantastically low prices, and then the lower-income ladies pick over the middle-income rummage to make sure that nothing has escaped them. What's left goes on sale the next day.

My wife always leaves for these night-before-the-rummage-sale affairs with a back seat full of broken dishes and old neckties and comes back with a great deal more than she had when she departed, the new merchandise being of admittedly better quality. It came as a bit of a shock

to me to discover that I had been wearing rummage-sale socks for years, and that the blue-and-white tie that I thought Janet had picked up for me at Brooks Brothers had previously belonged to the vice president of an advertising agency. I know now why he looked at it so curiously when we met at a party.

I think that a chronicle of my four-hour stretch of guard duty would provide invaluable material for sociologists, psychologists, and marriage counselors. A few sample incidents will show what I mean.

At 6:57 P.M., a middle-incomer showed up with several large boxes of merchandise. While her husband was carrying boxes in from the car, the other girls began to sort through the stuff already inside. The donor vehemently urged them to wait.

The reason became apparent when the husband, about to leave, spotted one of his favorite neckties peering out from a pile of rummage. He pounced on it with an aggrieved bellow, dug through the rest of the rummage, and found two other new ties, his favorite sweat shirt, his work shoes, and a No. 5 iron. It cost him \$4.75 to buy back this assortment.

At 7:19 P.M., a hassle took place when a portly lady bought a step-ladder with one rung missing and left it resting against the counter while she pawed through some dresses. One of the eager sales-

ladies promptly sold the same step-ladder to another customer, who was ambushed on her way to the door by the portly lady, demanding her property. Justice was dispensed by permitting the second lady to have the ladder because she had paid more for it. At a rummage sale, possession constitutes not nine but ten points of the law.

At 7:40 P.M., a new member of the organization, serving at her first rummage sale, had shortsightedly draped the coat she was wearing over a nail behind one of the counters. At 7:42, her husband called for her, and she called for her coat, which, of course, was gone.

The couple were already late for an engagement. She had to depart with only the hollow assurance that "it must be here somewhere." I noticed that she talked earnestly with her husband for several minutes in front of the store before they finally drove away. I had the uncomfortable impression that she was restraining him from re-entering.

At 8:26 P.M., the girls had a heart-to-heart talk with one of their own number who was softening under customers' hard-luck stories and cutting prices outrageously. Shoppers had quickly located the soft spot and were picking up merchandise from all over the store and standing in line to deal with the warmhearted saleslady. She promised to mend her ways, and operations were resumed.

At 9:06 P.M., a woman with a booming voice barged in and demanded an adjustment on a coat she had purchased for \$3.50 earlier in the evening. She pointed out that two buttons were missing from the coat, which looked to me like a \$50 garment in excellent condition. One of the salesladies recognized it as the missing coat belonging to the recently departed new member, and offered to buy it back.

The complainant immediately changed her tune, but the ladies pressed \$3.50 on her and half-forcibly removed the coat, which she was now wearing. At this point, she wanted the coat, buttons or no, and many recriminations passed back and forth. She left, promising to return with her husband, who, she said, looking at me, would see to it that she got her property back, and nobody would stop him. Fortunately, this assertion wasn't put to a test.

At 9:50 P.M., a few minutes before closing time, several small, middle-aged, remarkably eloquent men entered and separately made offers to take all the remaining merchandise as a sort of public service. All had numerous relatives in the "old country," the only variation in the stories being differences in the "old countries." All these relatives were standing firm against the encroachments of communism, starvation, frostbite, and athlete's foot, and the speakers wanted desperately to get clothing to send to

them. The ladies were unmoved. This performance was apparently repeated each time they had a sale, and the members had built up solid resistance. The remaining rummage would be given to a charitable organization which would also clean the store, they announced, shoving the secondhand-clothing dealers out of the door ahead of them as they closed up.

The girls made \$175 from the rummage sale. I pointed out to Janet that the \$175 spread over the

60 members would involve about \$3 a member. I suggested hesitantly that I was sure most of the husbands involved would be more than happy to contribute \$3 to the cause so that the girls could forget all about staging any more rummage sales. This suggestion produced a cold silence that lasted the rest of the way home. I presume that the rummage sales will go on.

Oh well, that same advertising-agency vice president has a crew-necked sweater I'd love to have!



### *Kid Stuff*

**L**ITTLE JULIA had been naughty, and her mother had scolded her severely. That night, as the little tyke was getting ready to go to bed, her mother came up to hear her prayers. "Now remember, Julie," mother said, "what Sister told you the other day at school."

And Julia dutifully said, "Please, God, watch over me and help me to be a good little girl." Her mother smiled, only to be baffled a moment later as Julia added another little prayer that she had learned at school: "Not my will, but thine be done, O Lord."

Mary C. Dorsey.

**S**ISTER LUELLA was pleased as she went over the 7th grade examination papers, but the one turned in by red-haired Johnny (third seat, fifth row) brought her up short for a moment. "God always was and always will be," John had written. "We always will be, but we weren't always was."

Sister Mary Gilbert, SNJM.

**L**ITTLE JOEY arrived at kindergarten to find that Sister Helen had been taken ill, and that a chic young lady was substituting as teacher. The change was, of course, cause for comment when Joey came home to lunch. "Mother, mother, we have a new teacher!" he yelled, excitedly.

"Oh? What's your new Sister's name?" mother inquired.

"That's just it," Joey returned, all breathless. "She isn't a Sister at all! She's a—a human being!"

*Our Sunday Visitor* (16 July '50).

By William Mahoney  
Condensed from the "Stars and Stripes"\*

## With the U.S. Army in a Communist Town

*A commander and a chaplain are getting a  
good press in the Red newspapers*

**L**EGHORN is the stronghold of communism in Italy. It is also a capitalist center. Camp Darby, an army installation at Leghorn, is, for the U. S., a vital port.

The problems that arose have been solved now—by American money, morale, and men, two of whom stand out particularly: Col. Charles C. Williams, the commanding officer there, and Maj. Vincent P. Paolucci, the American port chaplain.

Through Camp Darby flow key U.S. and NATO defense supplies. The port has handled more than 700 ships carrying 1 million tons of cargo since it opened in July, 1955.

About 150 ships come and go annually.

Allied bombers had completely devastated the port during the 2nd World War, sinking ships and wrecking harbor facilities. Then, before the German troops pulled out, their demolition crews wrecked what the Allies had missed. It took years of dredging and rebuilding to restore the port.

Naturally, the pro-West Italian federal government, dominated by the Christian Democratic party, did not bother to ask the communist mayor of Leghorn what he thought about the situation when it OK'd American use of the port and the area. Nor did it consult



\*European edition, APO 175, C/o Postmaster, New York City. Oct. 30, Nov. 1, Nov. 6, 1955.  
© 1955 by The Stars and Stripes, and reprinted with permission.

Vasco Jacoponi, communist parliament member and boss of the Leghorn water front. Red officials in communist-run Leghorn were furious. The head of the Red longshoremen's union, which handled the commercial port, publicly stated that no member of his union would load or unload military cargoes. He threatened strikes, even sabotage.

Nevertheless, Camp Darby was established. The camp gives jobs to 3,200 Italians. Multiply this number by five, the average number each worker supports, and you see how important Darby is to Leghorn, which has 12,000 unemployed, and the province, which has 21,000 jobless. The big camp pours some \$250,000 monthly into the local economy.

The early impasse had threatened to foul up Western military planning. But the American forces faced the communist situation realistically, and since their arrival four years ago, have met it with a positive program which stresses good Italian-American relations, garnished with good deeds, both by the military and Father Paolucci.

The American port and the commercial port at Leghorn are separate harbors. The American harbor, first set up during Mussolini's Ethiopian war, has the Arabic name Calata Assad. It is under command of Lt. Col. Herbert Erb.

In the face of the communist threat, Alfredo Maffea, secretary general of the National Federation

of Italian Port Workers, a non-communist union, approached American officials. He suggested that he organize a separate union of workers to handle the American port. American officials accepted Maffea's proposal, and began operations with 20 longshoremen.

To the amazement of nervous on-lookers, there has never been a strike called against the American section of the Leghorn port; there has never been any sabotage; pilferage has been less than anywhere else in Europe; and there has never been any refusal to unload a ship. But there have been about 150 strikes and work stoppages at the commercial port since the Americans came to Leghorn.

Although the contracts at both ports were basically the same, workers at the American port began making much more money right from the start because of modern equipment and methods. When this became obvious to the longshoremen, it simultaneously became obvious to Americans that paychecks came before politics with the men who work the docks.

The new union began to grow as men left the commercial port for Darby and the new union. From the original 20 men, the dock crew at the American port jumped to 120, and during the first phase of the supply buildup in 1953, numbered 350. This force was later reduced to 240; and after the supply level had been established, was cut

to 162, at which strength it operates today.

Camp Darby has made a safety record which won a special army award; off-base incidents have been kept to a minimum, which has surprised Italian provincial police chiefs; and the command has given prompt, effective assistance in Italian emergencies to the extent that an embarrassed communist press has referred to the Americans as "generous and kindhearted."

In fact, some of the American benevolent activities have caused communist newspapers to bend the Red line quite a bit. Last Christmas, for example, they were forced into outright praise when Colonel Williams gave enthusiastic approval to a *Befana* program.

On the eve of Epiphany, *Befana*, a kindly old witch, rides around on a broomstick, descends chimneys, and fills the stockings of all good children. The Americans decided that *Befana* should use a helicopter to reach the squares of Leghorn, Pisa, and Lucca to distribute gifts to needy children.

Mrs. Aurora Awad, Florence-born wife of Sgt. Pershing George Awad, was *Befana*. She helped to distribute 220 tons of foodstuffs. During her stop in Leghorn's jammed Piazza della Repubblica, four reporters from communist newspapers were covering the show. Capt. Joseph P. d'Amico, U.S. public-information officer, met the reporters.

"What do you think of the show?"

he asked them at the conference.

"It is very impressive," they all agreed, and asked for pictures.

"Fine," said d'Amico. "I hope you write it that way."

They did, and their articles included the programs at Pisa and Lucca, too.

*Il Tirreno*, a Leghorn paper, recently carried a story on "a spectacle of international collaboration." A housing project for one of the city's poorest sections was lagging for want of a bulldozer. Dr. Furio Diaz, then communist mayor of the city, asked the Americans to loan him one. He got his bulldozer and an operator.

A few months later, a bridge crane at the Leghorn pier was smashed in a storm, blocking that section of the port. The Italian port commander asked for help. Colonel Erb sent over a powerful floating crane, which soon cleaned up the wreckage. Even *Il Nuovo Corriere*, a communist-line paper, carried that story.

In the fall of 1954, the Salerno area was devastated by floods and landslides. Camp Darby immediately sent 65 trucks with food, blankets, clothing, and drugs.

Side by side with the army's program of employment and special relief is that of Father Paolucci, whose charities are on a more continuing, day-to-day basis. He is a Redemptorist of the Baltimore province. To thousands of Italians, Father Paolucci is the man to appeal to



when you need food or clothing, or are sick or injured. To practical-minded American officers, the priest is one of the major reasons why Italian-American relations are so good in this communist area.

Through scrounging, begging, and borrowing, Father Paolucci is taking care of about 40 different institutions, with more than 4,500 people.

The institutions on his list include orphanages, organizations for the children of prisoners, old-age homes, hospitals, and a boys' town.

Father Paolucci calls on priest friends in the U. S.; the Chaplains' Aid society comes through in a grand manner; the padre keeps a careful eye on the mess halls for excess rations; the commissary turns over to him goods which are unsaleable but yet fit for consumption; the post exchange turns over damaged goods to him. And, although he wouldn't admit it, his fellow officers say flatly that he spends more than half his salary every month buying food and materials to help the needy.

The material he scrounges and then ships out in army trucks includes almost anything he can lay his hands on. For example, he came upon 12,000 gallons of grape juice which was deemed unfit for sale. It went over big in a Pisa orphanage.

An American friend in the wholesale business sent him 3,000 pairs of boys' trousers. Another friend, a

priest, ran across 5,000 blue jeans, torn and condemned, in the Brooklyn navy yard. He remembered Father Paolucci. The jeans are now keeping Italian orphans warm.

Chaplain Paolucci discovered some unsaleable pie filling, gelatin and custard mixes. He turned it over to a Pisa home run by Sisters. The products were something entirely new to them; but they followed directions on the packages. "Now," Father Paolucci says, "they keep asking for more."

The National Catholic Welfare conference in Rome came through with \$25,000 worth of food.

Father Paolucci, who speaks Italian fluently, including most of the dialects, has made one thing very clear. He warns all recipients that if any of the goods he hands out ever show up, in no matter how small a quantity, on the black market, then the recipient of the goods goes off the list.

"In my three years here," he said, "there has never been one violation."

Father Paolucci is flooded by mail every week. Letters appeal for medical help, food, sheets and blankets, and sometimes even ask him to intervene in marital strife.

The priest first jumped into Italian headlines several years ago when he was driving to Rome to catch a plane for the U.S., where his mother was critically ill. En route, a motorcyclist shot out of a side road and hit the chaplain's car,

killing two persons and leaving a little girl parentless. Father Paolucci arranged for her to be adopted by his sister in Staten Island.

Since then, he has been involved in some 25 other adoptions. However, he warns that adoption is a difficult procedure in Italy.

One of the places he likes to visit most is the boys' town in Pisa, Citta del Ragazzi. He has been made an honorary citizen there. Another place is the Figli de Cacerati (Sons of Prisoners) at Monte Nero. A 40-voice boys' choir from there sang at Mass at Camp Darby last Christmas.

Father Paolucci frankly credits much of his success to Colonel Williams, who has worked hard to establish good relations with Italians in the area. Williams' support, Father Paolucci says, has permitted him to push his aid projects.

All those acts of army men and chaplain, motivated by Christian charity, have paid off in good will. It is doubtful that there is any other place in Europe where relations between American troops and civilians are better than in Leghorn, where communist politics and a capitalist army co-exist.



### *All in Knowing How*

FOR WEEKS a destitute concert violinist, shivering in his tenement flat, had enviously watched the daily arrival of a very bad neighborhood fiddler who played in the courtyard below. When the bad violinist sawed out his wretched tunes, windows all over the building opened and tenants threw out wads of money.

One day the concert violinist tried it. He played very brilliantly, but managed to collect only 30¢. Completely bewildered, the skillful violinist asked the neighborhood fiddler the secret of his success.

"Oh, it ain't easy," the fellow replied. "You also got to be a bookmaker."

*The Dotted Line* (5 July '54).

❖

A NAVAL OFFICERS' club had decided to hold a formal ball. But some of those in charge were afraid that the word "formal" appearing on the tickets might discourage some husbands from attending.

After giving the matter some thought, they decided to let the word appear on the tickets anyway. However, a week after the tickets were issued they followed them up with a note to the wives.

Its brief message read: "Last week we sent your husband two tickets for the Naval Officers' Formal Ball. Has he told you about it yet?"

The turnout was magnificent.

*Maclean's.*

By Ralph Land



## Ted Mack of the Amateur Hour

*He knows what it's like to have  
stars in your eyes*

THE WARM, sympathetic voice of handsome Ted Mack, proprietor of the *Original Amateur Hour*, has been imparting strength and solace to keyed-up amateur entertainers for more than 20 years.

Since '35, when the late Maj. Edward Bowes engaged him as executive assistant for his *Amateur Hour*, Ted and his staff have interviewed more than 800,000 aspirants. About 15,500 persons have been chosen to compete for public acclaim on radio and television programs. At least 500 of them have found permanent places in show business.

Each Sunday night, Mack introduces a colorful assortment of would-be stars to a television audience of 16 million. The show has much of the delightfully unpredictable variety of old-time vaudeville. One may enjoy, in rapid sequence, the talents of a restaurant doorman who sings grand opera, an old lady who blows a hot trumpet, a youth who produces unearthly melody by using his teeth as a min-

iature xylophone. And Mack gives every hopeful, however ragged his performance under pressure, a full and fair hearing.

Viewers vote for their favorites by telephone and letter. The traditional American affection for the home-town boy or girl seeking national recognition shows no sign of flagging. Mail and phone response to the *Original Amateur Hour* remains so steadfastly heavy that *Variety*, show-business weekly, has characterized Ted's program as "the show that refuses to die."

The avalanche of messages from enthusiastic fans has sometimes raised curious problems. Once a young amateur musician from Hawaii scored a tremendous hit. In Hawaii, the telephone companies were swamped as thousands of radio listeners rushed to swell the total vote for the native son. Fuses were blown on overtaxed circuits. An official said that only twice before had they handled so many calls: after the attack on Pearl Harbor and after the death of President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Perhaps the most impressive testi-

monial to the program's reputation as a show with a devoted nationwide following came in 1952, when the new post-card mailing rate went into effect. Someone hit upon the idea of asking a television-radio celebrity to broadcast a public reminder. Ted Mack was the man Postmaster General Donaldson asked to carry out the assignment.

The attractive atmosphere of the program ("everything pleasantly relaxed, but perfectly controlled," a critic has said) owes much to Mack's patience, kindness, and good taste. He never tires of interviewing applicants, never ceases to marvel at the amount of talent he encounters.

"Nearly all who apply have *something* to offer," he says. "Usually not enough for professional success, but enough to give pleasure to their friends and families. It's always been a source of satisfaction to me to see what a talented and happy nation America is at heart."

How does one get to be a connoisseur of amateurs? Ted did it by running the rugged obstacle course from small time to big time himself. He can't be callous about the dreams of starry-eyed youngsters. His memories of his own starry-eyed days are too vivid.

Ted Mack's real name is William Edward Maguiness. He is of French-English-Irish extraction. He was born in Greeley, Colo., the only son of John Peter and Ivy Maguiness. His father, a railway brake-

man (now retired) saw to it that Ted attended Catholic schools: Annunciation parochial school and Sacred Heart High in Denver. His mother, a convert, was a pianist and teacher. "I owe my feeling for music to her," he says.

The little family was drawn closely together by suffering. Mrs. Maguiness became paralyzed and also developed a heart ailment. Ted recalls with a pang his father's desperate efforts to earn enough money to take care of the doctor bills. His mother died when he was 16.

Ted fought his sorrow by throwing himself vigorously into school activities. Father Floyd, the high school's athletic director, helped to keep him from retreating into a shell. Ted was captain of the football and the basketball teams at Sacred Heart, played in the school orchestra, and for three years was class president.

Ted remembers the nuns at Sacred Heart (the Sisters of Charity) with gratitude. "Their attention to me during that lonely time was really motherly," he says. "They knew that I had very little family life, for my father's job kept him away much of the time. I worked as an usher in a Denver theater, and was scared to death every night when I had to come home to that empty house."

Ted's ushering job brought him his first contacts with professional entertainers. He was entranced by the skill of a group of instrumental-

ists called the Six Brown Brothers, and bought himself a saxophone. It wasn't long before he had organized his own band, and was booking week-end dance engagements for it.

Ted was graduated from Sacred Heart in 1922, and went on to Denver university, where he majored in law and commerce. He continued his band work to pay his tuition. His orchestra included the late Glenn Miller and Matty Melneck, the violinist, both of whom later became famous band leaders; and Harry Barris, later a member of Paul Whiteman's original Rhythm Boys. Melneck came close to being blackballed when he first sought admission to the band. His liability: he was the only one in the group who really knew how to read music.

Ted still had no intention of making entertaining anything more than a profitable hobby. He cherished a boyhood ambition of becoming a cattleman. He took a summer job at the Denver stockyards. But a man who was organizing a cowboy band sought him out to offer him a job as a saxophonist. Ted accepted. The band soon broke up, but not before Ted had become convinced that entertaining was his true vocation.

He learned to read music well, and to arrange it; he became a top-grade saxophonist. He was in and out of several bands before becoming a member of the famous Ben Pollack orchestra, which also in-

cluded Glenn Miller, Benny Goodman, Jack Teagarden, Red Nichols, and Bix Beiderbecke.

In 1926, Ted married his school-day sweetheart, Ellen Marguerite Overholt. Ellen had been teaching in San Diego, Calif. When Pollack's orchestra was booked for an extensive Chicago engagement, Ted resigned, because he and Ellen preferred to stay in California. He immediately organized his own orchestra, which was engaged by a San Pedro vaudeville theater.

The manager of the theater thought that the orchestra leader should introduce each act. Ted disagreed. The manager insisted in an or-else tone, and Ted decided to cooperate. How could he know that the experience was to help make him one of the most popular masters of ceremonies in the country?

Around this time, Ted Maguin-ess became Ted Mack. One evening, as he returned to the theater after dinner, he saw that the marquee bore the words, "Ted Mack and Band." Dismayed, he rushed to the manager, and asked if he had been fired. "And who," he demanded, "is this Mack?"

The manager patted him on the shoulder. "You are," he said. "Maguin-ess is too long for our marquee. Besides, many of our customers are tough sailors, and they find it hard to pronounce."

Toward the end of the depression, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer offered Ted a position as musical

director. When Major Bowes was preparing to launch the *Amateur Hour*, he induced Ted to come east to select the talent and direct the show. Following Bowes' death in 1946, Ted and his associates reactivated the program under the title of *Ted Mack and the Original Amateur Hour*.

The Macks live 20 miles from New York, in a white brick-and-

clapboard house overlooking the Hudson river. Ted likes to tinker in his back-yard workshop during leisure hours. He also enjoys horse-back riding, fishing, hunting, golf, and taking long walks with his English setter.

His pet project for the future: the establishment of a co-educational camp for talented youngsters somewhere in New England.



## the Open Door

THE HEROISM of a priest brought my brother-in-law into the Church he had previously hated. He was a locomotive engineer; one night he was in a wreck in which he was badly injured and his fireman killed.

At the hospital, George kept saying, "All Fred seemed to be interested in, pinned there in the cab, was a priest." A priest did arrive, and managed to crawl into the hissing wreckage to administer the last sacraments to Fred.

For months, George was thoughtful; finally he took instructions. He explained, "It all began that night when I saw the priest squirm into the live steam after Fred. When he backed out again, his hands were covered with ugly blisters, and he was in an agony of pain. Only the true God could inspire such selflessness."

When my brother-in-law died last year, he had been a daily communi-

cant for a full quarter of a century.

Thomas R. Boyle.

SLAMMING DOORS meant the "Open Door" to this Texas family which had bought a new home across the street from a Catholic church in a Denver suburb.

Not only on Sundays, but every day of the week, car-door noises aroused the family not only from physical slumber but from a spiritual sleep. Material needs, public disaster, personal tragedy—none of these explained why people in such numbers went to their knees day after day, the father of the family reasoned. But what then?

He had to know. He walked across the street one morning to ask questions at the rectory door. The answers he received brought him back with his wife. Now the others in his family are following him across the street and across the threshold of the "Open Door."

Mrs. Harold A. Pachoud.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be returned.—Ed.]

By Vin Vincent  
*Condensed from "Ave Maria"*<sup>\*</sup>

## Old Altar Boys Never Die

*As I watched my son, old  
memories stirred*

**T**ODAY I SAW my son serve his first Mass. My missal was open, but I must confess that the pages remained unturned for long periods at a time. I was living this experience with him. And when I wasn't stewing about his next move, my thoughts were drifting back to my own altar-boy days at old St. Vincent's, and particularly the first Mass that I myself served.

To understand the little votive light that burns in the heart of any old altar boy, one would have to know something about the joys and tragedies that are a part of serving at the altar.

I was an altar boy at old St. Vincent's in the 1920's. During this period it was a kind of West Point for altar boys. Under Father Ryan, a venerable, white-thatched disciplinarian who doted on liturgical ceremony, a boy had to love the service or get out. The corps of boys, numbering 40 to 50, was a combination drill team, Swiss Guard, and



choir. There was a strict seniority arrangement; regardless of age, a boy served his apprenticeship in the "line" before he even thought of serving Mass.

By the line I mean the rows of boys who occupied the chairs along the Communion rail and the smaller boys who filled all the available space in the sanctuary. They provided the background for the more solemn events taking place at the altar itself. The line was there for high Mass on Sunday and every devotion during the week. Evening Vespers, Holy Hour, or Stations of

<sup>\*</sup>Notre Dame, Ind. March 17, 1956. © 1956 by the Ave Maria Press, and reprinted with permission.



the Cross found the sanctuary jam-packed with erstwhile cops and robbers whose identities were completely hidden by cassock and surplice.

I can still see Father Ryan standing just inside the wing of the big sacristy, his arms folded majestically. He watched every step as the boys emerged in pairs from their sacristy opposite, his eyes following each dual genuflection, the inside turn, the profound bow, and then the dividing off into respective places.

Even among the fledglings, behavior was at a constant high peak, for no one cared to come face to face with a hurt look in the pastor's eyes. Even such incidents as someone's getting his heels caught in his cassock, or missing a chair in the act of sitting down, drew not even the trace of a smile. Ordinarily, such happenings would have brought on spasms of uncontrollable group snickering, but not with Father Ryan sitting in his cherrywood chair at the side of the altar, master of all he surveyed.

You might think that the long period of service on the line would have stifled incentive, but withdrawals from the ranks were rare. Admittedly, there were times when we fell prey to envy, and wished some catastrophe to befall the grizzled, aging 16 and 17-year-old career men in the big sacristy.

But being an altar boy, however humble, at St. Vincent's was not considered a dull routine, and each of us took pride in being one. The

fact that there was always a waiting list made membership even more desirable, and our interest was kept high with many occasions which called for something a little extra, such as the Way of the Cross during Lent, when the entire group would go in procession through the church.

Holy Week was always a challenge, with many out-of-the-ordinary devotions and services, in which we depended utterly upon luck to do the right thing at the right time. Good Friday, with its Mass of the Pre-Sanctified, was always a nerve-tingling experience. No matter how much we practiced under the guidance of Sister Lourdes, there was always the possibility that we would miss the captain's signal, and feel the red-hot flush creeping up our necks when we sat while everyone else knelt.

Then there was the first Mass on Christmas morning at 5:30. What a thrill to walk alone in the dark of predawn, with only a street light here and there to illumine one's way in the softly falling snow! It was surprising, too, to see other dark figures trudging to church at this time of the night when one imagined he would be the only one out so very, very early.

Christmas morning at St. Vincent's called for carols before solemn high Mass. This meant that we would wear our special red cassocks and lace surplices and march in slow procession through the church,

sharing the misty-eyed peace and happiness written on the faces of the congregation. We would then go back down the side aisle to sing our hymns in front of the crib at the Blessed Virgin's altar. Christmas morning meant another special event, too, a gift handed to each boy by Father Ryan as we left the sacristy.

During the fast-fading twilight of Father Ryan's years, we were privileged as probably no other group in the parish was to see the rare sight of his face wreathed in smiles. Looking back now, I realize that, despite his stern manner, those Christmas mornings must have brought great happiness to the old priest.

Yes, many pleasant memories passed through my mind this morning as I watched my boy serve his first Mass. But probably the most vivid remembrance was of my own first Mass. It was one of the blackest days of my life, and it haunted me for months afterwards.

Although we in the line thoroughly understood the art of kneeling, sitting, or standing up as one at the snap of the captain's fingers, we were much too absorbed in the details of our limited assignments to observe much of the mechanics of serving Mass.

At the age of 15, I passed my tests for the prayers and responses in Latin, and Sister Lourdes told me I was ready to be a probationer. This, of course, did not mean that

I had graduated from the line, but it was a mark of progress. I would now be privileged to kneel at the side of the altar at 7:30 Mass on Sunday and the 8 o'clock during the ensuing week. I would take no part in the actual serving, but would be expected to learn at close range all the duties and movements of the two experienced servers.

The following Sunday morning, I sat in the big sacristy for the first time. Arriving a full half hour early, I went over my Latin in my mind and repeated that well-known stickler, the *Suscipiat*, several times to make sure. I was filled with the wonderful excitement of stepping from the anonymity of the line to an important assignment right at the foot of the altar. It would be a "bit" part to be sure, but it was a day every altar boy looked forward to at St. Vincent's.

I was so taken up with this new experience that it was not until the clock on the wall showed 7:25 that I realized all was not well: the two regular servers had not shown up. Seconds later, the sacristy door burst open as if powered by a mighty gust of wind, and I looked up to see the huge form of the assistant, Father Murphy, blow in through the opening. I had been sitting cross-legged, shining my shoes by rubbing them against my socks. Before I could untangle my feet to stand up, he had tossed the collection baskets at where my lap had been. I was managing an embarrassed "Good

morning, Father," and attempting to retrieve the four baskets that had rolled in all directions, when he strode to the entrance to the sanctuary, took one look, and then fired a barrage of orders at me.

"Put out the baskets. Turn on the lights. Get the wine and water out. Light the candles. Bring me the announcement book." Naturally, I couldn't remember all the things he had told me to do in that one gush of instructions. "Baskets" and "candles" I did manage to catch, and the baskets being in my hand I had no trouble putting them out. From that point on, terror took over.

I found two candle lighters hanging on the wall and a little match container beside them, and I hurriedly lit the taper. But I couldn't seem to reach the candles. I was completely unaware that I was using the short-handled lighter; unaware, too, that I should have been lighting the low candles, not the high ones.

I had managed to jab home on two of them when I sensed the presence of Father Murphy at the altar, ready to start Mass. He whispered something to me which I didn't catch, but by this time my mind was as numb as my arms, so I frantically redoubled my efforts to make the sputtering taper land on the wicks.

It was obvious that Father was not going to hold up Mass till I lit the candles. As he recited out the

prayers at the foot of the altar, I felt a hand touch mine and the lighter was gently taken from me. There was a whisper in my ear: "I'll get these; you get the wine and water." I looked up to see an older boy who had noticed my plight and had come up from the congregation to rescue me. I managed a wobbly-kneed genuflection and rushed red-necked from the sanctuary.

Where was the wine and water? I had looked in several cupboards and drawers and was floundering around in a large closet, my arms slashing away at long cape-like garments of different colors, when my rescuer caught up with me.

"Whadaya doing in here?" he asked, as if he had just caught a thief. Embarrassed, I said, "Looking for wine and water!"

"You'll never find them in here!" he exclaimed, and added disgustedly; "Forget it. I'll take care of that; you get out and take care of Father Murphy."

Take care of Father Murphy! Was there anyone who needed less care than this 250-pound priest? And now as I stood at the foot of the altar, my mind a complete blank, Father was pointing to the missal. Something told me I should move it, but my feet remained glued to the floor. Finally, with one tremendous sweep, Father Murphy moved the book, implanting it firmly on the Gospel side of the altar.

Why go into the details of my

agony during the remainder of the Mass? Much of it I could not remember an hour after. When I reached home, and mother smilingly asked what "her great big altar boy would like for breakfast," I muttered that I was not hungry, headed straight for my room, threw myself on the bed, and bawled my head off!

Old altar boys never die—in action. They may figuratively die a thousand deaths, but literally speaking, their mortality rate is practically nil.

But altar-boy days do leave their marks; for they never fade away.

Hence my gasp of relief this morning when young Vincent marched off at the conclusion of Mass. Sure, he had made a few false starts; he stood several times when he should have knelt.

But in our new little parish, with its shortage of experienced acolytes, servers are created out of the raw materials of space cadets almost over night. And I must admit that, with only a few weeks' training, he had done much better than his father, who after riding the bench for two years, ignominiously muffed his first chance in the big league.



### *Rapprochement*

SUMMERTIME means the other side of the desk for most of our teaching Sisters. The majority attend Catholic colleges and universities, but occasionally because of circumstances or because of certain course requirements a few Sisters may find themselves on the campuses of secular universities. As might be expected, many amusing and unexpected incidents occur.

A few years ago one of my friends was attending such a university in one of the Southern states. She was the only nun in a large class of teachers and administrators from all parts of the country.

To her chagrin, the professor persisted in calling her "Sister Cooper." Sister finally decided that it was time to set him right on the proper way of addressing a Sister. After class she walked up to his desk, and in her habitually friendly manner said, "Dr. Dillon, I would greatly appreciate it if you will call me Sister Kathleen rather than Sister Cooper."

The professor looked confused, blushed, and rustled the papers on his desk. But being a real southern gentleman, he recovered quickly and answered, "Why, thank you, Sister Kathleen—and you may call me Jack."

Sister Mary Dorothy, C.D.P.

By John Stroh  
Condensed from "The Freeman"

# When the Russian Farmers Visited Us

*They saw that they would have far  
more to gain from peace  
than from war*



ON A DAY of 100°-plus heat last summer, the world's news spotlight shifted to Dick Alleman's farm in central Iowa. For the 12 Soviet delegates who had come to the U. S. in an exchange of farmers this was the first day in America's farmland.

As Dick Alleman's neighbors looked on in amazement, the Russians admiringly stroked the silken ears of tall Iowa corn. Straw-hatted Soviet officials in limp linen suits took pictures of fat hogs gorging at a self-feeder. Two Russian engineers with steel tapes swarmed over a one-man hay baler in the adjoining field, while another pored over Dick's income-tax return.

No doubt about it, this was no tourist trip for the Russians. They had come to learn. Heading the delegation was Deputy Minister Vladimir Matskevich (since promoted, on his return to Moscow, to minister of agriculture over one sixth of the earth's surface). All the delegates were qualified farm techni-

cians. They traveled 12,000 miles in a dozen states. They studied our seeds, feeds, breeds, and high productivity.

Hostility was encountered only in Minneapolis, Detroit, and Chicago, where the delegation was picketed by Ukrainian groups. Nikolai Gureev, deputy premier of the Ukraine, admitted, "The only unfriendly people we've met are our own 'brothers.'"

Throughout the trip the Russians kept a cautious rein on their enthusiasm, but there is no doubt that our high productivity per man impressed them greatly. They saw farmer after farmer producing six to 12 times more than their own collective farmers. On that first farm visit in Iowa, they saw that Dick

\*Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y. January, 1956. © 1956 by the Foundation for Economic Education, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

Alleman singlehandedly cultivates 160 acres, raises 200 hogs, feeds 50 cattle, and keeps a flock of chickens. Their questions revealed their surprise: "Where are the laborers? Who hoes the weeds from the corn? Who takes care of the livestock?"

They couldn't believe that Alleman does all the work, with a little help from his father and swap-labor from neighbors during harvest. Nor could they reconcile the efficiency of this family-size farm with their idea that "with bigness comes efficiency." They worship bigness. Peter Svechnikov is chairman of a collective farm with 35,000 acres and 1,700 workers: only 20 acres per person. No wonder he was amazed when he met Jim Golden, who with two sons and a hired man farms 2,800 acres in South Dakota.

Farm inefficiency has held back Soviet industrialization because more than 50% of Russian labor is tied up in farming. By contrast, only 12% of our population is engaged in agriculture—and surpluses, not scarcity, is our food problem. (Actually, about 7% of the U. S. population produces 90% of our food and fiber.)

The Russians tended to give the credit for this prodigious productivity to our mechanization of all jobs. They were so fascinated by our manure scoops, one-man pickup balers, self-unloading silos, automatic feeders, and pipeline milkers that they tended to miss the other reason for our farm efficiency.

"Was it perhaps the profit motive that stimulated a farmer to run 200 acres without help and reach a net profit of \$9,000?" the Russians were asked.

"Our farmers, too, are interested in profit," Matskevich replied. But it is doubtful that he understood the point. The Soviets have attempted to stimulate farm production through a fantastic system of incentives. For example, the average woman laborer takes care of 20 sows, and gets a bonus of 50% in wages if her sows wean more than eight pigs apiece and if their weight at weaning is more than 33 pounds. This, to the Russians, is "profit."

Another puzzler for them was the comparatively minor role government plays in the farmer's life. When they learned that a dairyman sold his milk to a co-op, they asked, "Then the co-op tells you how to run your farm?"

The farmer shot back, "Nobody tells me how to run this farm. I can grow weeds if I want to."

Later, in Washington, the Russians asked, "Who's in charge of livestock for the country?" I doubt that the answer, "Three million livestock farmers," satisfied them fully.

The Russians were constantly being asked what they thought of America. There were certain things which obviously impressed them.

*Our automobiles.* When I asked Matskevich if he wished to visit Ford's River Rouge plant, he exclaimed, "To go to America and not

*Attention, Pravda!*

In the U. S., it now takes less than three man hours of work to raise an acre of wheat. This quantity of wheat, when made into flour and baked into bread, will provide two men with a year's supply of energy and the major part of the other nutrients required to sustain life.

Dr. William B. Bradley in  
*Science Counselor* (Sept. '55).

see Ford is like going to Rome without seeing the Pope." Even an after-dark window-shopping tour in Detroit turned into a curbstone examination of the latest auto models.

*Our highways.* When an automobile trailer loaded with new cars whizzed by, an interpreter suggested to Alexander Ejhevski, "That's what you need to relieve the strain on your railroads." Ejhevski shook his head. "We need roads like these first."

*Our food.* "What American dish do you like best?" one delegate was asked. His answer, "Steak!" Which explains why one morning when the bus was ready to pull out I found four delegates still unserved at breakfast. When I asked about the delay, the waitress protested, "But they all ordered steak!"

*Inside plumbing.* Practically all the farms we visited had bathrooms. The visitors wished to know how septic tanks worked, whether they have to be emptied, and whether

they could get plans to build them. (Herb Pike, Iowa farmer who visited Russia with the American exchange group, suggested that the next u.s.-ussr exchange be between plumbers.)

*Consumer goods.* The Russians went for American products, up to the tune of \$1,000 to \$1,500 worth of purchases per man. In one store three of the visitors examined razors, tested the creams, smelled perfumes. Finally, one of them selected a dozen razors, 200 blades, some lipsticks, and sundry other items. When the harassed clerk had all this wrapped up, she turned to the next Soviet customer, who said, "Give me the same."

One of the delegates explained, "We can make these things, but we just haven't had time. Our Soviet policy has been to build heavy industry first." Consumer goods are now increasing slowly in the Soviet Union. Too slowly, admits the Soviet press, and the quality is poor.

Two things sparked the Russian shopping zeal in America: obvious quality plus reasonable price. They recognized a bargain when they saw one. A pair of shoes which cost \$15 here would cost \$80 in Russia. Nylon hose, \$1.65 here, cost \$8 in Moscow. No wonder the delegates wanted to buy some gifts for their friends and relatives back home. What they bought revealed their needs and their interests. Svecnikov bought 11 pairs of overalls.

From their casual remarks, we



learned about changes in Russia. The phrase, "since two years ago," coinciding with the passing of Stalin, was used very frequently. "Our former leader was a theoretician," said Boris Savelev. "Our present leaders, men like Nikita Khrushchev, are practical men. They know how the people live, and what they want."

"Until two years ago, our lives were not our own," Shevchenko explained. "We had no home life. We worked until midnight and often until two or three A.M. Now we go to work in the morning and come home at five. We can build a family life and our families appreciate it."

Matskevich was asked how he could reconcile all the things Soviet publications had printed about

downtrodden American farmers with what he had actually seen. Would he tell the truth when he got back to Moscow? His answer: "I'll tell the truth as I saw it."

I believe both countries gained from this Russian farm visit. The Russians got technical information in farming and know where they can get more. The U. S. gained considerably, too. The Russians must realize now that Americans do not want war. And they must know that we'd be tough to lick, if they started one. Finally, these intelligent officials must realize from what they saw of our prodigious productivity that they have vastly more to gain—for themselves, their families and their country—from peaceful exchange than they could ever possibly hope to gain from war.



### *Status Established*

THE HOMES in a certain suburban neighborhood were all of the ranch type save for one two-story house in which lived an elderly, childless couple. One day, the lady of this house told a young mother from near-by, "We've been seeing a good deal of your little Johnny lately. He and his friends drop in nearly every day. We wondered if such popularity could be deserved, so we asked him about it. It seems that the youngsters can get something at our house that none of them can enjoy at home."

"Indeed? And what is that?" inquired the young mother, bridling a little. "Rides on a banister," replied the elderly lady with a smile.

*Wall St. Journal* (23 Feb. '56).



A LITTLE GIRL was being shown around on her first visit to her uncle's farm. She seemed particularly fascinated by the barn, the roof of which was studded with lightning rods. "Goodness, Uncle, you must be rich!" she exclaimed. "Why, even your cows have television."

Frances Benson.

## Is Justice for Indians?



*Treaties were to last 'as long as the sun would shine,' but the white men changed their minds*

Anthropologist and author, Oliver La Farge has conducted ethnological and archaeological expeditions for Harvard, Tulane, and Columbia universities in the U.S. Southwest, Mexico, and Guatemala. He is a Harvard graduate, a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, a member of the John Hay Whitney foundation's committee on fellowship awards, and president of the Association on American Indian Affairs. He has published a variety of scientific writings, as well as considerable fiction and popular nonfiction. His "Laughing Boy" won the Pulitzer prize for 1930.

THE BUREAU OF Indian Affairs recently sold at auction 747 acres of timber belonging to two Oregon Indians for \$1,175,000. This sale is noteworthy for more than the price. Three years ago, through the connivance of an Indi-

an-bureau realty officer, now in jail, the same land was sold for \$135,000.

The Portland *Oregonian* exposed the cheat, and the Indian bureau, in which dishonesty of this kind is now rare, clamped down. By that time, in four months, one of the Indians had already run through \$27,000, more than a third of his share. Conservators will be appointed to administer the goodly fortunes the men have now received.

The history of the Indians since the founding of the republic is studded with similar incidents, made possible either by the dishonesty of officials or removal of federal trusteeship over Indian property. Up until 1887, most Indian reservations were held in trust by the U.S. for the tribes that occupied them. In that year, the Allotment act was passed, aimed at giving each Indian an individual parcel of land, and then taking these "allotments" out of trust status and giving the owners fee patents.

In 1887, the Indians owned 155 million acres of the continent that had once all been theirs. By 1934, when the process was stopped, the working of the Allotment act had

reduced Indian holdings to 47 million acres. Much of this acreage consisted of the poorest parts of the land once guaranteed to the Indians for "as long as the grass shall grow and the rivers shall run."

Some tribes have been under our care for more than 150 years, none for fewer than 75. They are innately as able as anybody; in fact, the IQ's of Indian school children run above the national average. How is it that in all this time the nation has been unable to make the majority of these people competent to manage their own affairs?

The Indians as we found them were a small population, not over a million, in a vast land. Most of them farmed, but game and fish were so plentiful that naturally they hunted and fished. Their mode of material life was adapted to lavish food resources.

Generalizations about Indians are dangerous. No two tribes were alike, many differed extremely. On the whole, however, it is true that Indian culture set little store by wealth. The main reason for a man's acquiring more of anything than he needed was to give it away. Generosity was a great virtue. While even one of the tribe had food, no one starved.

The Indians were not competitive. A man liked to stand high in the esteem of his people, but he managed this by shining in efforts for the community, not for himself. The equivalent of a showy resi-

dence or a Cadillac for personal use could earn only contempt. The great man was civic-minded, friendly to all, worked hard at his religion, performed all his duties. The man who was showy, held on to riches, made himself prominent, got nowhere; the unselfish, even-tempered, public-spirited man, who became eminent, was and still is the one whom all admire.

There are tribes today in which the children play basketball enthusiastically, but do not keep score, since it is unpleasant to triumph over one's fellows. So, too, in many places, if one child cannot answer a question in class, none of the others will admit to knowing the answer. It is ugly to shine at another's expense.

These traits of Indian culture are

**T**HE FEWER THAN half a million Indians, ill-educated, many illiterate, who live in remote corners of the U.S. from Florida to Alaska, cannot influence the federal government without help. The principal agency for winning that help is the Association on American Indian Affairs, with its central office at 48 E. 86th St., New York City. The association was founded 33 years ago as a non-Indian organization to work for Indians; today it works with tribal councils, and has a growing Indian representation among its members and directors.

akin to a more literal Christianity than most of us are willing to practice. Although there are large islands of paganism, most Indians today are Christians. The Indians' traits put them at a disadvantage when they try to make their way in our strongly competitive mode of life, with its emphasis on wealth and display of wealth.

Those people, to get along within our body politic, needed education in the broadest possible meaning of the word. They had to learn everything we learn in school, and on top of that the things we learn almost unconsciously, simply from living with our parents and in our community. These include our political system, down to its most basic elements; our intricate legal and business systems, in which the written record largely replaces honor and generosity; and the art of living on only a little land. It is a large order.

How did we go about this task?

In the beginning, we placed the tribes under Indian agents, poorly paid men whose profit came in part from trading with the Indians, they alone having supervision of how they traded, and in part, from taking bribes. Having introduced a ghastly roster of new, deadly diseases, we took care of Indian health by doing nothing at all.

We tossed the schooling problem to the churches. The churches have done their best; there is even an Order, the Order of St. Catherine, devoted to Indian education. Still,

all the churches, of all denominations, could never find the funds to give even half the Indian children a standard American education.

How did we encourage the Indians to develop fully the land reserved for them, and to establish trades and businesses? We uprooted them and drove them to less desirable spots whenever we wanted what they had. The Christian Delawares were thus uprooted seven times. The last land they were driven from they had bought with their own money, and on it had established fine farms, built solid houses and barns, and had erected a church.

We made it painfully clear to the Indians that our treaties and promises were worthless. Our missionaries preached Christ, but we showed them pointedly that the rest of us, practical men, had no intention of being governed by Christ's teachings ourselves.

The national conscience awoke slowly. After the Civil war the nation moved sluggishly to pick up its burden. It established Indian schools, mostly boarding. Until 1930, the food allowance was 11¢ a day per child. Milk was usually not part of the diet; the children drank weak coffee or water.

The children were uniformed. Discipline was tightly military and enforced by solitary confinement, whippings, and ingenious tortures. At the San Carlos, Ariz., day school they still show you the rail to which

unsubdued pupils were chained during recess. They had a "half-day" system: half a day of study, half of labor to run the school. At Dulce, N. Mex., where the Jicarilla Apaches were dying out from tuberculosis, children were excused from labor if their temperatures were over 100°. Whole entering classes of that period were extinct within ten or 15 years.

Those schools were staffed with underpaid workers whose living conditions were only slightly better than those of their charges. Among them were some of the finest, most devoted people who ever breathed; but mostly the ignorant, the unfit, the inferior drifted to such wretched jobs, bringing with them race prejudice.

Speaking native languages was forbidden. Everything possible was done to make the children ashamed of their parents, their heritage—of being Indians. We, in our wisdom, had decided that the way to help Indians progress was to break up the tribes and smash their cultures. We would wipe out the very memory of what it was to be an Indian, and teach them, as one official put it, "intelligent selfishness." We were governing by the bland assumption that the finest thing that could happen to any people was to become just like us, and we had thoroughly shown the Indians what that meant.

Tribal cohesion was an obstacle. From it came a pride that would not be downed and a habit of inde-

pendent thinking. A strong Indian leader, a chief devoted to his people's welfare, was troublesome. It was easier to govern and "civilize" Indians if they were docile, letting their administrators do their thinking. So everything possible was done to break the leaders and destroy the tribes. The Indians' right to self-government within their reservations had been solidly confirmed by the Supreme Court, but this right was consistently nullified and evaded.

Indians are increasing rapidly because of a very high birth rate. But infant mortality is fantastic. Some tribes have an average life expectancy of 17 years! The TB rate is more than three times the national average.

Never, at any time, has medical service for Indians been comparable to what the poorest white community enjoys. For some years, the Association on American Indian Affairs joined with the National Public Health association and other bodies to press for a law transferring Indian health to the U. S. Public Health service. The present administration supported the measure; it was enacted; and the transfer was made last July. There is good reason to believe that at last something will be done.

For a people to change themselves over completely, they must have some incentive to make them wish it. All of us seek happiness in one form or another. We destroyed the old Indian way of life,

then told the Indians to be just like us, but gave them little chance to do so. They were left in a dreary, in-between state, with nowhere to go. Their education was a farce. Even today, a shocking percentage of Indian children are not in school, although the present administration can point to the real achievement of providing facilities for virtually all Navaho children, whereas a few years ago thousands of them had none.

Reform began under President Hoover. Its first manifestation was a total revolution in the schools, where now the children are well fed and gay, and the teachers qualified. As reform rolled on under Hoover and then Roosevelt, its principles developed. So long as Indians are unable to move out into the great world, their land is vital to their mere survival; the land must be preserved.

Indians are human beings and American citizens; their rights must be respected. Indian pride and tribal cohesion, the satisfaction of making good as Indians, are the foundations for progress. We faced up to the simple American fact that people have a right to be different. This elementary doctrine had been recognized by Catholic and Episcopalian missionaries, arguing presumably from the known diversity of good Christians all over the world, but they had stood alone.

The Indian Reorganization Act of 1934 nailed down, we thought,

the right of tribes to be tribes, the right of self-government, of forming corporations, running their own businesses, managing their own affairs. The process of automatic, year-in-year-out loss of land was stopped. Land holdings, for the first time since Columbus landed, even increased!

With this base, we could set about the long, involved process of education already outlined, until in time, tribe by tribe, there would come a generation with a normal proportion of college graduates and postgraduates: doctors, lawyers, engineers, priests, ministers, farmers, businessmen, mechanics, teachers, a generation among whom that Oregon steal would be impossible. You can't create all that among poverty-stricken, ignorant, disease-haunted people in 20 years.

People get impatient, especially over Indians. When gold was found in the Cherokee territory of Georgia, the Christian, civilized Cherokees were driven out. When gold was found in the Black Hills, the treaties with the Sioux were torn up, and after bloody fighting they were broken and moved out.

Some tracts of Indian land are as valuable as if they held gold. Consider the price paid for those Oregon acres. Today, too, wastes that were once thought too worthless to take from Indians are turning out to be rich in the newly valuable minerals. As our population increases, good grazing or farming



land becomes more and more desirable. A lot of white men are getting impatient again.

Others, of a better sort, but knowing nothing of our Indian history, ask impatiently why, after a century and a half, we must still coddle these people, why we must have a federal agency spending the price of a dozen good bombers yearly for their benefit. With the best intentions in the world, they say, like President Eisenhower, that the Indians should be "equalized," "set free."

Bending before these impatiences, the Department of the Interior, of which the Indian bureau is part, introduced bills to "terminate" a number of tribes.

The bills recently proposed would make the Indians white men by act of Congress; dissolve their organizations; strip them of protections; in some cases, ensure the rapid sale of much of their property, especially in Oregon. Little items, such as that a tribe was over 25% illiterate, or that three quarters of another's members were living partially or wholly on charity, were brushed aside.

Over intense Indian protests, a bill was passed to destroy the basis of tribal cohesion by ending the joint federal-tribal jurisdiction over a number of reservations. The bureau has speeded up the granting of patents in fee, and instructed its field staff not to consider the harm that loss of a given piece of land

may do to a tribe when such patents are requested.

In his campaign, the President promised the Indians justice and "consultation." They took this to mean government by consent of the governed. The President's subordinates have made a sham of his words, and are throwing the Indian Reorganization act and the whole reform policy out the window.

The effect upon the Indians of this latest betrayal has been electric. For most of them it has completely outweighed the administration's accomplishments. It so affected their vote, heavily Republican in 1952, as to have an important effect upon the last elections in Montana, Wyoming, and Oregon, and was a factor in returning a Democratic Senate.

They are putting up a vigorous fight. They need all the help they can get.

There is really nothing the matter with the American people, when they know what is going on. The public, where it has been reached, has responded warmly. The Indians have had support from unions, from the Marquette league, the National Council of Churches, the American Jewish congress, and other such organizations. The present U. S. Congress has listened to the Indians and been guided accordingly. It may be that we yet can turn the tide, and that the American people can save themselves from adding yet one more betrayal of the Indians to their record.



By Alfred Campbell  
Condensed from the "Family Weekly"\*

## We Gave Our Children Too Much

*It's a poor gift that keeps a child in the dark about life's realities*

WE RECEIVED a letter from our son the other day. That's an event around here, for Jack is a college junior and usually he's too busy to write letters home, he says.

"Must need something," my wife commented, wrinkling her nose.

"He does," I said, scanning the three paragraphs. "He needs a new sport jacket. And the prom cost more than he figured, so he could also use \$25. He sends lots of love, and he is sure we'll understand."

"But I'm not sure I do," my wife protested. "I'm getting fed up with our playing Santa Claus 365 days a year."

I knew what Alice meant. Both of us are worried: not because our children are problems—they're not! By current standards they are good kids.

What worries us, though, is that we've given them too much. We've made life too easy for them too early, and we haven't prepared them for the bumps ahead. Our children and most of their friends are growing up with champagne attitudes in a beer environment.

You see, I'm a white-collar father, and the stretch in my salary isn't great. Still, by cautious budgeting



and some borrowing we've managed to give our three children the things we've considered important: camps, good books, a lot of less important incidentals.

We've contributed of ourselves pretty heavily, too. Alice has never had any household help, but she's found time for Scouts, Sunday School, and PTA. Our house is open to the neighborhood, with both of us usually on deck. We've wanted to do these things, and we've made a point of soft-pedaling our own sacrifices.

Now I think we and a lot of other modern parents have gone overboard with generosity! Why the change of heart? I've jotted down a few reasons.

\*179 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. Jan. 29, 1956. © 1956 by Family Weekly Magazine, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

Jack's letter, for instance. He's accustomed to counting on our help, but unaccustomed to figuring what the sport jacket and the check will mean to the rest of the family.

"How about a part-time job on the campus?" I once asked.

"Gosh, dad, there just isn't time."

Or 13-year-old Ellen's pleading, "But, mother, all the girls in the club have cashmere sweaters. Don't make me different!" She's right, too. Sadly enough, those with the least find it necessary to give the most. For some reason, worldly goods are supposed to give a daughter social status.

Even five-year-old Tommy, owner of a tricycle, gets into the act. "But, mom, they call me a baby. All the other boys have big bikes. Please get me one, too."

My nephew, in his third year of medical school, is married and a new father. "How will you manage, Tony?" I ask. "Well, Uncle Al, I'm sure dad will give us a helping hand."

Mr. Jenkins, owner of the local toy store, has this to say. "Listen, Al, these kids are the only advertising I need. It's fantastic what the child-centered home has done for business. Twenty-five dollars for a dump truck; \$75 for a bike, and no one bats an eye. All I have to do is sell one neighbor, and pretty soon the rest are in here buying the same thing."

Years ago, people used to say that millionaires gave their children too

much. But John D. Rockefeller gave his boys a penny allowance, and Julius Rosenwald dressed his children in hand-me-downs. I think we were kidding ourselves then, and still are!

Actually, the parents in any income bracket can spoil their sons and daughters, and it's worse when middle-class children get too much. My kids will have to earn their own way sooner or later, and I don't think I've really helped them by soft-pedaling the facts of my check-book.

Cashmeres, cars, bikes, lessons—you can go on forever, because a child's demands are endless, always dependent on what "George has" or "Sylvia does and wears."

I wonder sometimes where it all started. Maybe it was when psychologists said you can't give a child too much. They were talking about love, but each time Johnny pleaded or Sarah bellowed, we did a quick word switch and substituted *loot* for *love*.

We've borrowed the word *security*, too, and we've really abused it. Giving a youngster what everyone else has doesn't necessarily make him more comfortable with himself. As a matter of fact, it may do just the opposite.

After all, when we think we have to act like the rest of the gang, being an individual becomes a terrible stigma. Giving for security in the group is a pretty poor gift if it means we feel insecure as individu-

als. The truth is, most of this insecurity comes right from us, the parents. If we have confidence in ourselves and in our children, saying No is not really very hard.

I realized this one afternoon not long ago when I made a business call on a family of 12. As the parents and I talked, the older children scooted out of the house, one by one.

"Where are they going?" I asked, as the parade ended.

"Well," grinned the mother, "Betty and Mary Alice 'sit,' Petey has a paper route, John clerks at the grocery, Paul jerks sodas at the drugstore."

"Don't they complain about it?" I asked.

"Complain?" the father repeated in amazement. "Why should they? I'm not rich, and they know it. It takes a lot of shoes to put this team in motion. And besides," he went on, "I think they're proud they can help. You see, we have a wonderful time together."

Cashmeres? Hardly! The five big

boys shared one dresser: a shirt drawer, a handkerchief drawer, an underwear drawer. The mother laughed, "If something doesn't fit one of the children, it will fit someone else."

Every square inch of that house was packed with security of the right kind. Those 12 youngsters were growing up a proud tribe, undismayed by budget limitations but able to cope with reality.

J. Edgar Hoover recently remarked that very few boys with real chores (or jobs) get into trouble. He might have included girls, too, and he might have said that trouble isn't the only thing one avoids by facing reality.

I know that our Jack and Ellen and Tommy would be much happier if they had learned to accept responsibilities as well as privileges. They've been deprived of feeling like contributing members of a family.

Looking back someday, they will probably reflect sadly, "You gave us too much!"

### *Reed of Life*


THE DOCTOR suspected that his new patient might be a hypochondriac; his lengthy list of aches and pains simply didn't add up. To satisfy himself, the doctor prescribed certain pills to be taken regularly.

A week later the patient was back—all smiles. "Those new pills are wonderful! I feel like a new man," he announced joyfully.

"Know what? Those pills are nothing but little balls of bread!" snorted the doctor.

"Heavens!" screamed the patient, turning pale. "White or whole wheat?"

*Wall St. Journal* (15 March '56).



Malvern is the only retreat organization entirely owned and operated by laymen. It is the project of the Laymen's Week-End Retreat League of Philadelphia, and is conducted on property that is today valued at close to \$2 million. The facilities were all donated to or purchased by the league.

Malvern, in the heart of the Philadelphia Main Line, is the site of the retreat house of St. Joseph's-in-the-Hills. The surrounding countryside is that picturesque Revolutionary terrain where Mad Anthony Wayne and his Continentals fought skirmishes with the British.

You enter Malvern retreat grounds over a winding road, darkly tunneled through rhododendrons

# Men

and oaks. You come suddenly upon a group of majestic buildings containing libraries, chapels, refectories, and living quarters. You also catch a glimpse of winding paths where later you can linger in quiet meditation close to the heart of nature, or pray without distraction at rustic shrines at pathway turnings.

*Oratory Golden Door where Blessed Sacrament is exposed 24 hours a day.*

*Pictures by Robert I. Nesmith & Associates, New York, N. Y.*

Every Friday afternoon, the year round, some 300 men, divested of all worldly cares, come to Malvern, to stay until Sunday night. They come from every walk of life: banker and laborer serve Mass together; admiral and gob walk side by side as candle-bearers at Stations of the Cross.

Malvern is a magnet, too, for many family, industrial, and office groups; and Philadelphia is not alone as contributor of retreatants. Groups come from Wilmington, Atlantic City, New York City, Allentown, Pa., Reading, and from the Pennsylvania coal regions and elsewhere.

Employees and members of many Philadelphia firms, unions, societies,



*John J. Sullivan has served as president of retreat league for 43 years.*

# of Malvern

*Aerial view of the spacious grounds at Malvern.*





*Malvern's rector, Father William J. Kane, holds a private interview during retreat.*

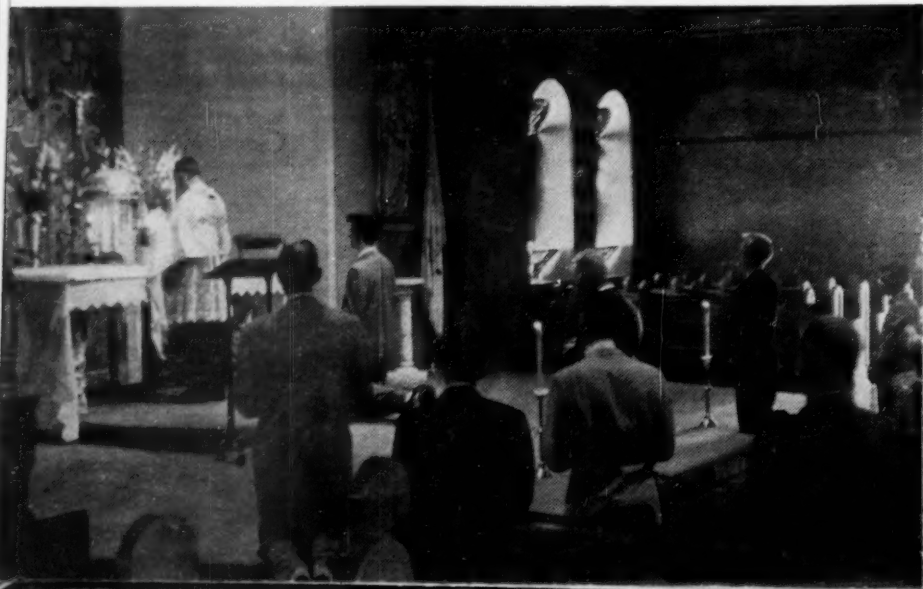
governmental units, and others have their own groups. Among the large representative organizations are Midvale Steel, Transport Workers'

union, Naval base and Post Office employees, Knights of Columbus councils, the Auto club, various Philadelphia Catholic high-school alumni groups, and Bell Telephone.

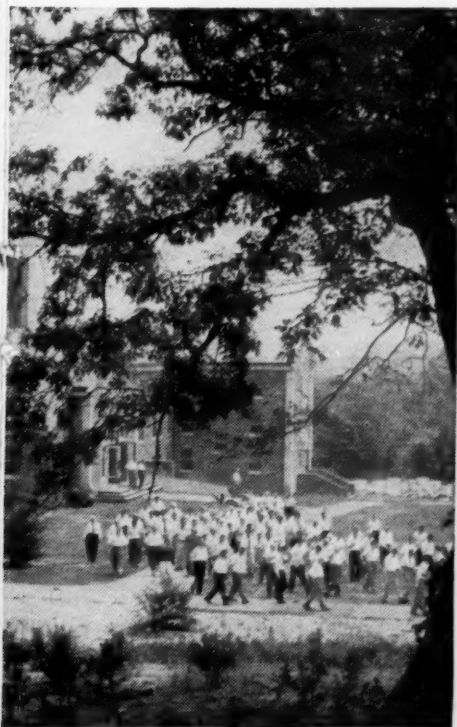
Religious phases of the retreats are under direction of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia. Father William J. Kane is rector of the retreat house. Priests from missions, bands of such Religious Orders as the Jesuits, Dominicans, and Franciscans serve alternately as retreat masters. So large is average attendance, it is necessary to give two separate retreats simultaneously over the week ends, so that each person can receive individual guidance.

The Philadelphia retreat movement originated one day back in 1912, when a Philadelphia businessman, the late John Ferreck, got

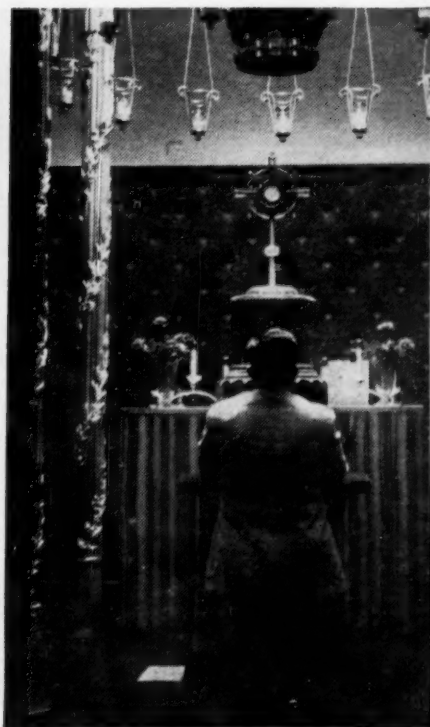
*Retreatants assist at all services in Malvern's chapel.*







*Retreat group leaving Our Lady's hall on their way to lunch.*



*A 24-hour watch before the Blessed Sacrament is provided by the men.*

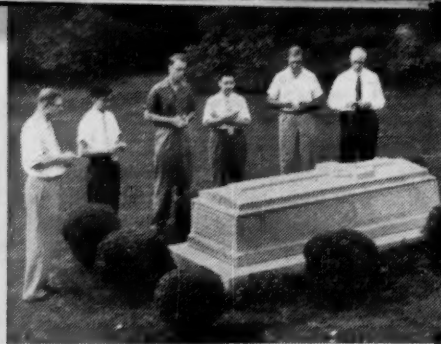
the idea after having made a retreat at Mt. Manresa on Staten Island. He persuaded a group of friends to make a retreat at St. Charles Borromeo seminary in Overbrook, Pa. The number of men making the Overbrook retreats grew steadily. This interest prompted the late Cardinal Dougherty to suggest that the men procure a retreat house of their own. The result was that Malvern was started in 1922.

General activities of the league are conducted by a board of directors of 21 laymen, but the task of procuring retreat reservations rests upon an auxiliary group, called the Captains' association. This auxiliary group is made up of retreat leaders, each of whom bears the title of Chief Accountability Captain. It is each captain's responsibility to arrange attendance for the retreat of which he is in charge.





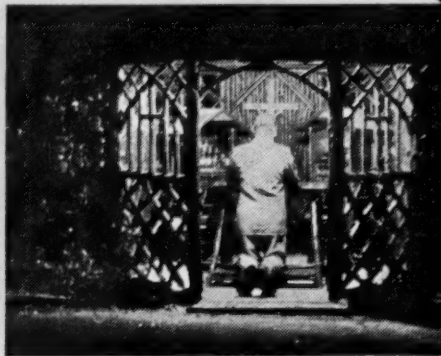
*Men of Malvern going to meditation and Benediction in the chapel.*



*A group at prayer over the tomb of the late Bishop Joseph M. Corrigan.*



*Stations of the Cross are in wooded areas; services are held in the open.*



*Scattered about in Malvern Woods are several distinctive wayside shrines.*

The league maintains an executive office at 1819 Arch St. in Philadelphia. General league business is administered by Business Manager John E. Green and Secretary James A. Dougherty, assisted by an office staff. J. Taney Willcox, former secretary of the Pennsylvania railroad, is treasurer. Each month, retreatants are mailed a little newspaper, *Men of Malvern*.

Since its inception in 1913, the Laymen's Week-End Retreat league

has had but two presidents. John J. Sullivan, a Philadelphia legal authority and banker, served as its president from 1913-1956, a record term of 43 years. Sullivan's name has become synonymous with the great growth of retreats in America.

All the pioneers associated with Sullivan were imbued with a spirit of sacrifice and devotion. Two among them stand out especially: the late John J. Cabrey and Richard T. McSorley.

It was Cabrey's daring vision and imagination that gave impetus to Malvern's rapid growth. He was a successful industrialist who made available to the movement not only time and talent but financial resources as well. McSorley, prominent Philadelphia attorney, and father of 15 children (eight of whom are in Religious life), was a prime mover in Overbrook days. As first league secretary, he bore the brunt of detail work for years.

Sullivan's successor, chosen last February, is William M. Lennox, sheriff of Philadelphia. He has been executive vice president of the league since 1940. He is also supreme director of the Knights of Columbus. Sullivan will continue as a board member.

To accommodate the amazing in-

crease in retreat attendance—last year a record number of 13,985 made retreats—it has been necessary to add new buildings from time to time. Since the 2nd World War, two structures have been put up, a combined convent and dining hall, known as Memorial Hall, and a three-unit building, Our Lady's Hall. Our Lady's contains a magnificent chapel and 150 sleeping



*Another rustic shrine. This one is dedicated to the Madonna.*

*Statue of St. Bernadette graces a byway in Malvern grounds.*



rooms in addition to two oratories and several conference rooms.

Malvern's housekeeping needs are capably supervised by a small band of nuns of the Missionary Sisters of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, whose motherhouse is in Reading, Pa. They live on the grounds, in a beautiful convent with private chapel. With the assistance of a staff of several women, the Sisters have the buildings and rooms in



*Above, at Malvern is a replica of the Shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes. Regular pilgrimages are made to this beautiful grotto by every retreatant.*

*Between services and meals, men meditate on the grounds. Silence is maintained for long periods during retreats.*



spotless order each week when retreatants arrive. They also do a superb job of preparing and serving more than 1800 meals at every retreat, meals which have become renowned among the Men of Malvern for quality and quantity.

In December of 1954 occurred a disaster which, paradoxically, is resulting in the fulfillment of a long-cherished objective. St. Joseph's Hall, a beloved landmark, was ravaged by fire. It is being rebuilt on a larger scale, but in such a way as to retain its original beauty and charm. When completed, probably before the end of this summer, there will be a single room for every man at Malvern—300 of them. This is the dream of the Men of Malvern.



*William M. Lennox, newly elected president of the Laymen's Week-End Retreat League of Philadelphia.*

2

## *No Need for Nostalgia*

MANY MODERN Catholics tend to regret the passing of the Middle Ages, the "Age of Faith," when all of Western Europe (Christendom) was united under the leadership of the Catholic Church.

But to think of a time when most of the human race had no contact whatsoever with the Church's teaching as a genuinely "Catholic age" is not only parochial but scandalous. It suggests that Christ came to save not the human race but one's own family. Only Europe was Catholic in the so-called age of faith. Today there are Catholics everywhere in the world.

Moreover, the idea that technology is in itself a bad thing, or that it is opposed to the humanistic ideal, cannot be justified. Technology is in reality a great and inspiring human creation, marking the progress of man from a stage of brute nature to a stage of genuine civilization.

Longing for the past is really a pagan tendency. There is nothing Christian in it. The Church does not dream of a Golden Age to which she longs to return. For her the second Adam is infinitely better than the first. Man after the fall, sinful but redeemed by Christ, is better off than before the fall. The Christian is at home in history and in a forward-moving, developing universe.

Walter J. Ong, S.J., in a speech to the Catholic Renaissance Society.

By Robert Forio  
Condensed from "This Week"

## How's Your Sense of Humor?

*Here's a test that will show you—  
your friends know already*

**H**ow's YOUR sense of humor? It's one of the toughest of all questions to answer about yourself. But here is a quick quiz that can give you the tip-off. First off, remember that this is not an intelligence test. Recent psychological experiments at Yale university have indicated that a sense of humor is not directly related to intelligence. A man who can't learn to sign his name may have a better sense of humor than a nuclear physicist.

A sense of humor doesn't call for any special talent. It resides in everyone who looks at himself and others open-mindedly and with detachment. It is the best part of a cheerful, tolerant attitude towards life. Like seasoning in food, a sense of humor isn't essential but it cer-



tainly makes life pleasanter. And the odd thing is that few people know whether or not they have one.

The questions here, based on the findings of many psychologists, are designed to measure the "seasoning" in your life. I don't guarantee the test to be 100% foolproof. But only those who have no sense of humor demand perfection!

1. Do you ever greet yourself or make faces at yourself when passing a mirror? Yes ☐ No ☐

2. Which animals in the zoo do you prefer to watch?

The apes. ☐

The lions and tigers. ☐

3. Study these two types of doodles:



Which type would you be more likely to make during a phone call?

The angular doodles. ☐

The wavy doodles. ☐

4. When you are telling a funny story, are you careful to get the names, dates, times of day, places and other details exactly right as you go along?

Yes ☐ No ☐

5. Which kind of trick movie scene do you find more interesting to watch?

Slow-motion sequences. ☐

Speeded-up sequences. ☐

6. Do you feel that most of your photographs look like you? Yes ☐ No ☐

7. Do you like to give advice? Yes ☐ No ☐

8. If you try to imagine what the inhabitants of another planet are like, do you think of them as being:

More or less like human beings? ☐

Utterly fantastic creatures? ☐

9. When you recommend a book to a friend, which method do you use for getting him interested in it?

Giving a resume of the plot. ☐

Giving a general impression. ☐

10. Which of the following statements best describes your attitude toward your own imperfections?

I am tolerant of my own shortcomings. ☐

I am constantly trying to improve myself. ☐

### *Your Humor Score*

1. Score 10 for a Yes answer. If you can see your image as a person apart, you have "detachment," an important factor in a sense of humor.

2. If you prefer the apes, score 10. The similarity between humans and animals appeals to you—a sign of your willingness to laugh at yourself.

3. Take 10 points if you checked the wavy doodles. According to psychologists, angular doodles indicate tenseness, severity of mind, whereas flowing curves often indicate an easy manner, playfulness.

4. Score 10 points for a No answer. Too much devotion to detail will kill the effect of a story.

5. Take 10 if you prefer speeded-up sequences. These are generally designed to cause laughter. Slowed-

down motion is usually used to show esthetic or scientific detail.

6. Score 10 for a Yes answer. Cameras aren't perfect, but they don't exactly lie. If you think they do, you take your photographs (and yourself) too seriously.

7. Take 10 points for No. Persons who are free with their advice may be valuable friends but they are serious-minded. Those who are more casual and fun-loving usually shrink from exercising too much influence over others.

8. If you imagine Martians as more or less human, score yourself 10. The basis of humor is humanity and human communication—even when it's Martians!

9. If you checked "general impression" take 10 points. Only the most literal-minded could fail to realize that telling the whole plot is



the surest way to bore most people.

10. Alas, take 10 points for the shameful first answer! Self-improvement is admirable, but if constant it tends to make Jack a dull fellow. People who are so conscious of themselves that they are forever striving to improve are often boring to their friends, sometimes to themselves.

### *How To Score Yourself*

0-20 points: Persons in this cate-

gory should be approached with care. Never ask, "How are you?" They might tell you.

20-40 points: A little slow on the uptake but capable of improving with practice.

40-60 points: Average, like you and me.

60-80 points: Very good company.

90 points: Toastmaster level.

100 points: Mark Twain, move over!

## • • In Our Parish • •

*In our parish*, in San Francisco's Mission district, a shabby old woman, her bones twisted with arthritis, made the Stations of the Cross twice daily. I often watched her, and each time I noticed that she prayed the second set of Stations in reverse, moving from Station 14 to Station 1.

I was curious, so one day I managed to leave church the same time she did, and asked her, "Why do you say the Stations backwards?"

"My grandmother—God rest her soul—taught me that when I was a wee girl in County Down," she answered. "First I walk them with our Lord, and then after He has been placed in the tomb, I walk back down the long, sad road with Mary, comforting her as best I can."

M. A. Smith.

*In our parish* school, Miss Jones teaches 1st grade. For some time she had been disturbed at the pieces of bread, cake, and cookies she had been finding in the wastebasket after lunch. She had often explained to the children that they must make little sacrifices during Lent, and she thought that her advice was being ignored.

Then one day Miss Jones found two partly consumed sandwiches in the basket. She took them to class and asked, "Who is throwing away food during Lent?"

Little David raised his hand. "I put them there, Miss Jones. I'm giving up crusts for Lent."

Alice Marquis.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be returned.—Ed.]



By Gabrielle Morris

# There's Nothing Like a Cable Car

*In San Francisco, 15¢ buys roller-coaster thrills, scenic splendor, and a concert of chimes*

**S**AN FRANCISCANS love their cable cars. Any slightest hint that the cars might well be displaced by more modern transport is a fightin' word. So fightin', indeed, that in 1955 it was written into the city charter that cable cars will run until such time as the people themselves, by majority vote, decide that they shall go.

Politicians have risen and fallen on the strength of their affection for the cable cars. So great has public indignation swelled over suggestions that possibly busses would be faster and cheaper, that in 1947 a Save the Cable Cars movement swept the city, under the dedicated chairmanship of Mrs. Hans Klausman. Support poured in from national radio and television broadcasts; letters came from people all over the world. Then, last year,

came the city-charter amendment.

In San Francisco, history is divided into two parts: before and after the great fire of 1906. When the 50th anniversary of the holocaust of April 16 was celebrated, one of the hardiest survivors of that turbulent, colorful era was the city's cable-car system, the product of an Englishman's engineering genius. Battered by the pressures of progress, the cheerful symbol of San Francisco's casual friendliness still carries commuters and visitors from the heart of Market St. to the heights of Nob Hill and the aromas of Fisherman's Wharf, in the same "dinkies" that slid along the cables before the fire.

You ask why anybody should be so concerned over the fate of noisy little red and yellow Toonerville trolleys, open to the fog and breezes, poking along at a fixed 9.5 miles an



hour "without any visible means of support," as Kipling put it. To begin with, it's fun to hang on tight as you tilt down Powell St. on a 40° angle while the gripman clangs a tune on his gong. You breathe in the clean sea air and smell the greenery in Union Square, watching the people pass by on the street. And the people on the street stop to watch as you ride by on the cable car.

The cable car is, somehow, the very embodiment of the good old days of the gold rush, when San Francisco lived high, when the Crockers and Floods and Mackays were importing the finest works of art for their lavish homes on Nob Hill, and Emperor Norton in the Montgomery St. bars was ordering the city fathers to build a bridge to the Farallone islands.

The city has always opened its heart to a man with an idea, however wild, and a colorful way of putting it. Such a man was Andrew Hallidie, born in London of Scottish parents in 1836, and brought to California when his father came to look after land interests. Young Andrew had gone to work in a machine shop at the age of 13. In 1852 he headed for the mining country, where he worked on roads and bridges and began to develop his historic twisted-wire cables. At 19 he successfully constructed a cable-suspended viaduct over the roaring American river. With this to his credit, he came back to San Fran-

cisco, and soon his own steel-cable company was prospering.

Then, one foggy winter night in 1869, he went for a walk up one of the city's steep hills. A heavily laden horsecar, the only public transport of the time, was also struggling up the slope. One of the horses slipped and fell, the brake gave way, and the car rolled back down the hill, dragging the four frantic beasts behind. From then on, Hallidie became a man with a mission, dedicated to putting his knowledge of cable transportation to use to save the lives of thousands of horses in cities all over the world.

He had perfected cables that would withstand the strain; now he set to work to develop a cable grip that would carry a load of passengers up the steep San Francisco hills. The city laughed, and called it Hallidie's Folly. Finally, in 1872, Hallidie won a franchise to build the world's first cable railway up Clay St., provided he had it in operation by Aug. 1, 1873. As July drew to a close, Hallidie and his friends worked feverishly, laying cable in a slot and building a steam-driven power plant.

The morning of Aug. 1 was cool and foggy. Only a few people climbed out of bed to watch the small group of men anxiously tinkering with the brightly painted wooden trolley standing at the top of Clay St. No crowds cheered, no bells rang as the first cable car in history made its maiden run. One

legendary French baker leaned out of his bedroom window and tossed flowers onto the roof of the future.

That afternoon, the triumphant first official run of the Clay St. railway was made, and another cable-car tradition was born. News had got around, and more than 90 people crowded aboard the car, in space designed to hold 25. "Hallidie's Folly" proved strong enough to carry them all. Nowadays, the Powell St. line proudly proclaims, "Seats for 40, standing room for all the passengers on the *Queen Mary*." Although cable cars have enclosed sections as well as open seats facing the sidewalks, it is not considered properly San Franciscan to ride inside. In fact, it is reported that the people inside are not real at all, but only dummies put there when the cars left the factory.

The success of Hallidie's invention came at a time when the city was beginning to feel cramped for space. There was plenty of room up on the hills, but no way to get there. The Silver Kings of the Comstock were already building their mansions on Nob Hill, but their horses did skid dangerously going up and down to the Montgomery St. financial district. Gov. Leland Stanford was the major stockholder when the California Street Railway began operations in 1878.

This is the line the elegant capitalists of early San Francisco and their ladies rode, in fine clothes and

jewels, to the glittering restaurants and theaters of the day. Each morning, the California St. cable car would stop and wait for its regular passengers.

By 1880, eight lines were operating along 112 miles of cable, carrying residents to and from the city's new western addition, which the cable cars had helped make possible. Within a few years there were cable railways in many of the large cities of the world. But now, once again, San Francisco is the only city in the world to boast cable cars.

The sporty red-yellow-and-green cars speak for themselves, too, in the mellow music of their bells. The bells are primarily a matter of safety, because when a cable line goes around a corner or crosses another line, the gripman lets go of the cable and coasts through, banging madly on his gong to clear the path. When you go for a cable-car ride, the bells signal a new panorama of pastel hills and spreading bay as you near each corner.

Originally the bells were iron. Some 25 years ago a delegation of citizens asked if the bells could not be made a bit softer and sweeter. The management began to experiment. They settled on brass because it wouldn't rust or crack, and finally found a weight and thickness that pleased everyone with its light-hearted melody.

Each gripman develops his own distinctive bell-ringing technique.

Some perfect such difficult rhythms as those of *The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers* and *Here Comes the Bride*, others are content with *Shave and a Haircut* or *Pop Goes the Weasel*, and most people find themselves humming "Ding-ding-a-ding-ding-ding" as they climb down off a cable car.

The gripmen are as much of an institution as the cable cars they pilot. Every grip has to be a resident of San Francisco for at least a year, and take a short course in local history and legend, before he ever gets to ring those bells. Many gripmen have been riding the cables for 20 and 30 years; several have followed in fathers' footsteps.

The eight cable lines which plied the hills in 1906 have been reduced

by time to only two, the Powell St. and the California St., both a part of the Municipal Railway Co. since 1947. However, "the Muni" has found that cable cars aren't as inefficient and expensive as it has sometimes been argued, and in response to public demand, the old Hyde St. line will go back into operation in mid-1956.

Lucky persons who live near the cable-car lines proudly say they get the best 15¢ worth of entertainment in the world every day when they catch a cable car to work. And every year thousands of people come thousands of miles to travel the four remaining miles of the cable-car lines, four miles of roller-coaster thrills, scenic splendor, and chiming bells.

### *In Our House*

THERE WAS always a good deal of excitement in our house whenever a priest dropped in for a casual call, so you can imagine the state mother got into when Father Murphy, our pastor, accepted her invitation to dinner!

All of us children were corraled for special coaching in table manners, general deportment, and the topics suitable for conversation at a meal. The best china and silver, always reserved for state occasions, were taken from their dusty places in the dining room cupboard, and the whole house was subjected to rigorous scrubbing and polishing.

Even Della, our hired girl, came in for special precautionary instructions. (All this happened back in the 20's, when families like ours could still boast the services of a domestic.)

"Now remember, Della," mother reminded her, "keep on your toes when you are serving Father Murphy. And whatever you do, please, *please* don't spill anything!"

"Don't worry, mum," returned the imperturbable Della. "I won't say a word."

Robert Kohuch.

[For similar true stories—amusing, touching, or inspiring—of incidents that occur In Our House, \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.]

# What Would You Like to Know About the Church?

*Each month, non-Catholic readers of the Catholic Digest are invited to submit questions about the Catholic Church. Write us a letter; we will have your question answered. If your question is the one selected to be answered publicly in the Catholic Digest, you will receive, with the compliments of the editors, a life-long subscription to the Catholic Digest. Write to: Catholic Digest, 2959 N. Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minn.*

*Following are this month's question and answer.*

## *The Letter*

**I**N A RECENT issue of your magazine you asked non-Catholics to submit any questions we might have about the Catholic Church. It seems to me that we can have only one overriding question: "Is the Catholic Church the one and only true church of Jesus Christ?" If it is, then the answer to all other questions is simply: "The Church teaches that it is so."

The proof of this overriding question revolves around whether or not the Pope is the direct and only

successor to St. Peter. How can we be sure that St. Peter intended that the Bishop of Rome be his successor with all the authority given him by Jesus Christ? How can we be sure that St. Peter did not intend that one of the other bishops (earlier converted and established) or a council of bishops should have his authority?

If the Bishop of Rome was designated by St. Peter as his successor, why is it that it was several hundred years before a Bishop of Rome claimed this distinction? The fact that St. Peter died in Rome does not, I think, prove that the Bishop of Rome is the "Vicar of Jesus Christ and successor to the Prince of Apostles."

Please believe me that I am not asking this question with an antagonistic attitude. Nothing would give me greater peace of mind than to have this answered definitely, one way or the other. I married a Catholic, and my children are being raised as Catholics (with my permission). If the Roman Catholic Church is the "true" church, then I should be worshiping with my family. If not, then we should all be searching elsewhere.

Angelo Adams.

*The Answer*

By J. D. Conway

**Y**OUR LETTER is logical and sincere, Angelo. Jesus Christ was God who came to earth to redeem us and take us back to heaven with Him. He established a Church to continue his work of leading us to heaven; and He appointed Peter head of that Church. He made it clear that He wanted us all to belong to this Church. All these things you take for granted; and your conclusion is very sensible: if we find that the Catholic Church is the same Church Christ established we should most certainly belong to it. If there is no way of finding which Church He established then I don't see why we should belong to any, unless we specially like to listen to sermons or enjoy choir music.

I suppose you know, Angelo, that many people who are trying to find the Church of Christ do not take as many things for granted as you do. Your first point of concern is whether the Popes of Rome are really the true and lawful successors to St. Peter. I don't want to disturb your more basic convictions, but I am sure you must know that some people have wondered whether Peter, himself, was ever Bishop of Rome—and whether Christ ever appointed him head of His Church—and even whether Christ ever established a Church at all.

So maybe we might briefly review

these earlier questions. Since you already agree with us on them we will not go into detail, but simply indicate our line of reasoning:

First, Jesus Christ did establish a Church. One of the first things He did in beginning his public ministry was to select his 12 Apostles, and then for three years He taught and trained them carefully. He told them that they must go out and make disciples of all nations, "baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit" (Matt. 28, 19); and that they should go into the "whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature. He who believes and is baptized shall be saved, but he who does not believe shall be condemned" (Mark 16, 15).

He gave them the power of binding and loosing, and made them shepherds of his flock (Matt. 18, 18; John 21, 16). He prayed for a united flock: "that all may be one, even as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee" (John 17, 21).

He frequently compares this Church of his to a body, a kingdom, a sheepfold, and a city. Later, St. Paul calls it a body, of which we are all members and Christ is the head (Rom. 12, 4; I Cor. 6, 15). And Jesus promised that He would remain with his Church "all days, even unto the consummation of the world" (Matt. 28, 20).

Secondly, Christ made Peter the head of his Church. An organization was essential to the work

Christ wanted done: teaching, baptizing, binding and loosing, and tending the flock. An organization was particularly necessary because this was a long-term work of tremendous extent and importance. It had to continue for centuries—20 of them, at least. And it had to extend to every nation, and every creature. And heaven depended on it. Souls would be saved by it, or lost if it failed.

An organization was essential; but no organization can be effective or dependable or enduring unless it has a head. How would you hold it together and keep it united and stable and purposeful? If it had no head you could never tell which way it was headed! Feeling the need for authority and leadership, it would either have to grow its own head or else sprout 100 little nubbin heads which would lead it off furiously in 100 directions. And then how would Jesus ever keep his promise of remaining with his Church? Since it is divided, would He divide Himself? Would He give his divine blessing to each contradictory teaching as though it were his own Gospel?

Actually, it is very evident from the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles that Christ did give his Church a head, and that this head was Peter. You have to read the whole story to see how prominently and consistently Peter stands out. He is always the first named in lists of the Apostles; St. Luke even re-

fers to the 12 as "Peter and his companions" (8, 45; 9, 32); and the angel at the tomb, after the Resurrection, told the women that they should "go, tell his disciples and Peter" (Mark 16, 7).

St. Peter is a natural leader, and takes his leadership for granted. The other Apostles accept it without objection, and the Master approves and confirms it. Peter was present at the Transfiguration and in the Garden of Gethsemane. He walked on the water. He took the miraculous catch of fishes, and was told that thenceforth he would catch men. He helped prepare the paschal supper, and was unfortunately prominent at the trial of Jesus. He was the first to enter the tomb on Easter morning.

The texts of Matt. 16, 13-20, and John 21, 15-17, are so well known and often quoted that we do not need to repeat them here. On the first occasion, Jesus received a profession of faith from Simon, changed his name to Peter, and promised that he would be the rock foundation of His Church, with the keys of the Kingdom, and the power of binding and loosing. On the second occasion, after his Resurrection, Jesus obtained a profession of love from Peter and made him the shepherd of His flock.

The Acts of the Apostles tell us of many occasions on which Peter exercised his leadership in the early Church, especially in making important decisions on doctrine and



policy. We simply haven't space to go into detail.

I don't believe there is any modern historian who doubts that Peter went to Rome and met his death there. So we can take that for granted. You and I rather take it for granted, too, that he was in Rome as an Apostle, doing the Lord's work—not merely as a tourist.

However, there have been some outstanding non-Catholic authorities, like Doctor Harnack and Bishop Lightfoot, who were not so sure. They readily admitted that Peter was in Rome and died there, but they either doubted or denied that he was bishop there. We can't brush aside eminent scholars like these and pay them no notice, but really it does seem that their arguments and claims are rather gratuitous, based on theories rather than historical evidence. We might take a brief glance at some of that historical evidence, especially in the early centuries.

St. Cyprian was an Easterner, a Cypriot, who became Bishop of Carthage. He was a strong advocate of local authority and an outspoken critic of the Pope in certain matters. However, about the year 250 he wrote that Pope Cornelius had "succeeded to the place of Fabian, which is the place of Peter" (Ep. 55, 8).

Firmilian was a contemporary of Cyprian, and Bishop of Caesarea in Cappadocia. He was in violent controversy with Pope St. Stephen on

the subject of the re-Baptism of heretics, and he objected that Stephen claimed the right to decide this controversy because "he held the succession from Peter" (Cyprian's Ep. 75, 17). Firmilian would have been the first to deny this succession if he could have found any reason for doing so.

Tertullian, a great theologian and historian of the early Church, had become a heretic by the year 220, when he wrote (*De Pudicitia* 21) acknowledging the claim of Pope Callistus that Peter's power to forgive sin had descended in special manner on him. Like Firmilian, Tertullian would have preferred to deny this claim, and he had been at Rome, where he would have found defects in the claim if any had existed.

There are other testimonies. But these which come from enemies of the Pope or opponents of his policies have special value. In those early days, although you argued with the Pope, you had to admit that he was the successor to Peter, the Bishop of Rome.

Now, Angelo, we come to a couple of points on which I may disagree with you a little. You rather take it for granted that St. Peter had the free choice of naming his successor or of deciding on the line of succession in the papacy. Maybe he did, but I am not so sure. Possibly, our Lord, Himself, determined the manner of succession to Peter's office and power. Neither of

us has positive evidence, but I believe my theory is as good as yours. At least we both know that there had to be a succession, that the authority and leadership had to continue—that there had to be a head. Where is that head?

If a head is going to be any good it must act like a head. It must lead. It must show its authority. Can you name anyone except the Bishop of Rome who even pretended to be a head during the first eight or nine centuries? A head is no good if it hides. Peter could hardly have left his authority in Jerusalem or Antioch. He still needed it after he left these places and went on to Rome. He gave it up personally when he died, and it is rather natural to suppose that his successor in office would take it up where he laid it down. Any other supposition would have to be proven; and there is no evidence. My own supposition needs to be proven too, and there is much evidence.

St. Clement was the 4th Pope. Linus and Anacletus had filled in the years between Peter and himself. He was a disciple of the Apostles. About the year 95, he wrote an epistle to the Corinthians. He spoke with such tone of authority that Bishop Lightfoot called it the "first step toward papal domination." So you see, Angelo, I can't go along with your supposition that the Bishops of Rome did not each claim for several hundred years the distinction of being Peter's suc-

cessor as head of the Church. Here is Clement, in the very 1st century, claiming that distinction and authority, and finding his claim accepted. His epistle was held in such reverence at Corinth that it was read in the churches like part of the Scriptures. St. John the Apostle was still alive at the time, and was certainly much closer to Corinth than Clement was. But here was a bishop of the West directly intervening in the affairs of an Eastern Church and claiming authority to settle the matter, saying that the "word of God comes through us . . . and the Holy Spirit speaks through us" (Clem. 1, 70).

St. Ignatius of Antioch wrote a letter to the Roman Church, in the year 107, in which he acknowledged it as presiding over all other churches, "over the brotherhood of love." Remember that this same Ignatius was a successor of Peter, himself—in the see of Antioch. But he made no special claim to distinction for that reason.

St. Irenaeus was very close to the Apostles. He was a disciple of St. Polycarp, who had been named Bishop of Smyrna by St. John. Irenaeus wrote a great work against the Gnostics in which he appeals to the superior authority of the Church of Rome, which has "preserved the traditions of the Apostles" (*Adv. Haereses*, 3,3,2). He advises that Christians everywhere should conform to the traditions of the Church of Rome. And he also

### *Tremendous Mystery*

IT IS NOT hard to believe in the Catholic Church as an *organization* established by Christ to which its members go for Christ's gifts of life and truth; but, about the idea of the Church as an *organism* into which we are built that we may live in the full stream of Christ's life as members of Christ, there is an extraordinariness which dazzles by seeming so utterly out of scale with us.

From "Theology and Sanity" by F. J. Sheed (Sheed & Ward, N.Y., 1956).

lists the Popes by name from Linus to Eleutherius, Pope at that time.

St. Victor (189-198) made the clearest assertion of papal authority of those early days. During his papacy there was a violent quarrel between Asia Minor and the rest of the Christian world about the date of Easter. Victor stepped in to settle it; and when a certain Polycrates of Ephesus objected on the grounds that their local traditions came straight from St. John the Apostle, the Pope threatened to excommunicate him. St. Irenaeus intervened, and argued that the Pope should not cut off these churches in Asia Minor from the rest of the Church, because the subject under debate was not a matter of faith. So Pope Victor withdrew his penalty; but the force of his authority remained.

Much later, in the middle of the 3rd century, about 257, St. Denis of Alexandria wrote to Pope St. Sixtus II, asking his advice and a doctrinal decision. At that time, Alexandria was the most important see in the world, next to Rome, but there was never any evidence of a rival claim to authority.

In your letter, Angelo, there is a note of urgency and need. You want the proofs to solve your doubts. We can sympathize with you, but I doubt that we fully understand. We are relaxed about these historical proofs. Our faith in the supremacy of the Pope is, in a way, independent of them. We know from the Scriptures that Jesus established a Church and made Peter its foundation and its head. The foundation must last as long as the Church which is built upon it; and if the Church were to lose its head it would certainly be a senseless organization. So Peter must still be there in his successor, and there is simply no question or doubt as to who that successor is.

Since we are sure of that already, we can examine the various proofs with relaxed interest, and note with pleasure how they confirm our faith. You need the proofs as a foundation for faith. We have the faith, and simply watch history back it up. Your sincerity makes us more appreciative of our own blessings, Angelo, and we pray that in God's goodness you may share them.

By Eugene Lyons  
Condensed from "Plain Talk"

## The Mystery of Katyn

*As of early April, forecasters were saying that the mass murder of 10,000 Polish army officers in 1940 would be laid at Stalin's tomb. The Catholic Digest published a complete account in January, 1950. Here is the article republished.*

**W**HEN the Red army, by agreement with Hitler, invaded Poland in September, 1939, it carried off 250,000 prisoners. Three former convents in western Russia—at Kozielsk, Starobielsk and Oshtakov—were turned into special detention camps for the more valuable prisoners. Here some 15,000 officers, cadets, gendarmes and frontier guards were placed.

Until April, 1940, the prisoners corresponded with friends and relatives in Poland. But early that month the camps began to break up. Their evacuation was completed by the second week of May. Though led to believe that they were going home, the prisoners, a few hundred at a time, in fact were put on trains for Russian destinations.

One group, 448 men drawn from all three camps, was separated from the rest and moved to Griazovets, near Vologda. Those men continued in touch with the outer world; mail addressed to them at their original camps was forwarded to their new one. But the rest, about 14,500, were

never heard from again. Their mail to the old camps was returned to senders stamped "Return—departed." More than nine years had passed, but not one of them gave any sign of life.

Through the handful of survivors at Griazovets and other sources, Polish authorities found out that the Starobielsk prisoners were detrained at Kharkov, those from Oshtakov at Viazma, those from Kozielsk at the village station of Gnezdevo, near Smolensk. At each of these terminals the Poles were packed into buses in batches of 30 or more and hauled off to no one knows where. Having delivered their human freight, the vehicles returned for more until the job was completed.

In June, 1941, Hitler smashed the pact of friendship with Stalin by invading the Soviet Union. The Polish government in London at once joined forces with Russia against the common foe. A formal alliance between the two nations followed in August.

In accordance with its terms, a

\*240 Madison Ave., New York City, 16. October, 1949. © 1949, and reprinted with permission.

Polish army began to form on Soviet territory from prisoners amnestied by Stalin's order. General Anders emerged from his long ordeal of torture in an NKVD prison to head this force. He counted confidently on the thousands of officers in Soviet detention, among them 14 generals, for his command personnel.

From all corners of the Soviet, liberated Poles, sick, fevered, emaciated, in rags, flowed to the Polish training camp. Among them were several hundred officers from Giazovets, some others from NKVD prisons. But not a single one of the 14,500 others showed up.

Weeks passed, then months, without a sign of life from the prisoners evacuated from those three convents. The underground in Poland was alerted. It reported that evidently not one of the 14,500 had returned home or written to his family.

Anxious, then desperate, inquiries were directed to the Soviet authorities. A Polish commission was set up inside Russia to investigate. It labored tirelessly but to no avail. A vague hope that the missing thousands might be in the Arctic, cut off by winter, faded out when spring came, then summer.

At the Russian end the Poles met only embarrassed and confused evasions. At first Soviet officials took the line that all the men had been released in April and May of 1940. Since none of them had reached Poland, however, this patent lie was soon dropped. Thereafter, everyone,

from the Soviet ambassador in London to Stalin in the Kremlin, settled on an exasperating formula: the men had been duly freed but their whereabouts were unknown.

THEN on April 13, 1943, the bombshell burst. German authorities announced that in a forsaken area of pine woods and juniper shrubs called Katyn forest, near Smolensk, they had discovered mass graves of about 10,000 Polish officers. On account of a peculiarity of the soil, the corpses were still fairly well preserved. All of them, according to the announcement, had been killed in April and early May, 1940, by revolver shots in the back of the head—almost an official method of execution by Stalin's police.

The date of the massacre was obviously vital. It would determine whether the Smolensk area was in Russian or in German hands when the crime was committed. It was fixed, according to the Germans, by thousands of newspapers, letters, diaries found on the bodies and in the graves.

In seven of the mass graves, none of these documents bore a date later than April 22, 1940. Diaries stopped abruptly at that point, sometimes with a scrawled entry about the journey from Kozielsk to Gnezdeva in foul wintry weather. In an eighth grave, the latest date indicated was May 11, 1940. From carved crosses, cigarette cases and other keepsakes in their pockets, and from the names

of hundreds who could be identified, it was clear that all the victims had been brought from the same place: the camp at Kozielsk.

The Germans therefore charged flatly that the men had been murdered by their Russian captors in April and May, 1940.

The Soviet retort, after a few days' silence, was a countercharge of "lies, fabrications, hideous frame-up." The Russian version was approximately as follows.

The Polish prisoners of war from all three convents were transferred in April and May of 1940 to three camps, 15 to 33 miles west of Smolensk, to work on railroad repairs. In the summer of 1941 they were captured there by the German invaders. A few months later they were murdered and buried in Katyn forest. But in early 1943, with the loss of that territory to the Russians imminent, the Germans decided to throw the blame for the crime on the Soviets. Accordingly they dug up their victims, removed all papers bearing dates later than May, 1940, added corpses with "touched-up documents," and in April staged their bogus discovery.

The Poles in London were well aware of the cynical, lying nazi propaganda techniques. They knew that no species of ghoulishness was beyond Goebbels' imagination. But in this instance the German story fitted too well into what little was already known to be brushed off lightly.

The grisly burial place was only two miles from the Gnezdevo station where the Kozielsk prisoners had been detained. The alleged dates of the massacre coincided with the weeks when the prisoners had been suddenly engulfed in silence. It seemed remarkable, moreover, that the Russians should now offer such a detailed and explicit story, though they had been unable to supply any information before the bodies were discovered.

Normal Soviet procedure was to evacuate prisoners in the path of the advancing Germans. In cases where the evacuation could not be carried out in time, prisoners were "liquidated" to keep them out of the enemy's hands. It is hardly credible that the most valuable body of prisoners in Soviet custody, the flower of the Polish officers' corps, would have been left as a prize to the invaders. Had their abandonment been unavoidable, certainly such a serious loss would have been promptly and fully reported to the higher authorities.

The Polish government sent underground units to the scene. They confirmed the exhumation, the identity of the victims, the fact that the documents were readable. But they placed the number of corpses at about 4,000. Evidently the Germans, knowing how many Poles were missing, used the higher and more sensational figure; indeed, they searched the surrounding woods and marshlands diligently for addi-



tional graves. The Russians, incidentally, have followed the nazi lead in adhering to the larger estimates—no doubt because the actual number of Katyn corpses (4,253) leaves more than 10,000 not accounted for.

THEN the Polish government proposed that a neutral commission under auspices of the International Red Cross make an impartial investigation. The Germans immediately agreed. The Soviets not only rejected the proposal; they made it the pretext for breaking off diplomatic relations.

In August, 1943, Berlin made public a report by a European medical commission composed of scientists drawn from 13 countries—nazi-held countries, except for a Swiss professor. Its findings supported fully the first German announcement.

A few months later, the Red army captured the Smolensk area. A Soviet commission, without even a representative of the Polish stooge group, the Lublin committee, again dug up the bodies at Katyn forest. Its report, in January, 1944, repeated the original Soviet version: The "11,000 Polish officers" (the estimate was raised) were killed by the Germans in August and September, 1941; more than a year later, the bodies were dug up and the documents "edited" in preparation for the sham discovery of April, 1943.

One revealing episode must be told at once. A group of foreign cor-

respondents was brought to the scene from Moscow to see the corpses and interview the Soviet investigators. Scores of local witnesses whose testimony was exhibited had all repeated the August and September dates; so had the scientists. But American newsmen asked a simple question that threw their hosts completely off balance. If the men had been massacred in August, why were they wearing overcoats, woolen scarves, fur gloves, and other winter clothes?

The only answer they got was that the Smolensk climate was unpredictable and that August, 1941, had been a wintry month. This was a crude lie improvised in panic. Weather data and inquiries among former residents of that region have left no doubt that it had been normal summer weather.

Thus two totalitarian states, both of which were perfectly capable of mass murder, accused one another of the Katyn holocaust.

The readiness of Berlin to permit the International Red Cross or some other neutral body to examine the facts, and Moscow's furious refusal, cannot be ignored. But beyond that there is a long array of direct and indirect proofs all pointing in the same direction. I shall limit myself to those that seem to me most striking. This or that piece of evidence or logic may be open to argument, but their total weight seems to me conclusive.

Only two sets of dates have been



advanced. Either the Poles were murdered in April-May, 1940, in which case the Russians are guilty; or in August-September, 1941, in which case the Germans are guilty.

Which set is more credible?

The heavy winter clothing virtually rules out August, when the mean temperature in the Smolensk region is 65°. It is entirely consistent with April, when the mean temperature is 40°. In summer weather the prisoners might have carried their winter garments with them in bundles, but they would scarcely have worn woolen underwear, sweaters, and greatcoats.

Moreover, as the European medical commission pointed out, no traces of insects were found on any of the bodies or in the graves. In that marshy forest area, teeming with summer insects, this points to a cold-weather burial.

ANOTHER circumstance is worth mentioning. One of the mass graves, No. 5 in the record, was in ground lower than the rest; it was the closest to the marshy part of the area. When it was evacuated, underground water welled up. This grave could not have been dug to that depth in warm temperature; it must have been made in winter or early spring when the ground was frozen.

Young spruce trees had been planted to camouflage the graves. Microscopic analysis by experts of the European commission established that they were five years old

and had been transplanted when two years old. The three-year interval corresponds to the time between April-May, 1940, and the discovery of the corpses in 1943.

Now consider the Soviet hypothesis of a German frame-up. Suppose the Germans had murdered their Polish captives in August-September, 1941, and subsequently manipulated the evidence to shift the blame to the Russians.

The frame-up theory does not stand up in the light of common sense. Though relatively well-preserved, the bodies were virtually mummified; flesh, clothes, and contents of pockets were welded together. Removing objects from pockets required fine scalpel work in slitting cloth and extracting papers without damaging them. The Soviet story asks us to believe that the Germans, 17 or 18 months after the original burial, removed every scrap of paper from 4,000 corpses; separated those of the "wrong" dates; and then replaced the rest in the mummified pockets without leaving traces of the elaborate operation!

The normal mind rejects this picture as preposterous. Some incriminating letters, cards or bits of newspaper would have escaped the most painstaking revision. Diaries with entries later than May, 1940, might have been removed and destroyed. But how does it happen that the diaries found in the graves end abruptly with April, 1940, entries?

Why would so many prisoners have chosen to stop keeping their private record at the same time? In none of the diaries is there any indication of torn-out pages.

The supposition of a frame-up using thousands of newspapers and scraps of newspaper is especially far-fetched. Hundreds of scraps had been used to wrap small personal belongings found in pockets. The Germans would have been obliged first to find thousands of old Soviet papers of the proper date to "plant" on the corpses. Then they would have had to unwrap those objects and re-wrap them in older scraps of the proper date! The whole procedure is not believable; that it could have been carried out without a few revealing slip-ups, without some exhumed object being found wrapped in postdated paper, is too great a strain on belief.

About 250 victims had their hands tied behind their backs, and in some cases their greatcoats tied over their heads. These no doubt were prisoners who offered resistance. The rope was indisputably of Russian make. The method of tying it, an ingenious knot which grew tighter the more the victim struggled, was one that is almost standard in Soviet police practice. Also, many bodies showed bayonet wounds on their thighs and backs; without exception they were of the radial, four-blade pattern inflicted only by Russian bayonets.

We can scarcely credit the claim

that German killers in 1941 went to such lengths to divert suspicion to the Russians in years to come. It is a claim ruled out by another curious fact.

The bullets were of a German make, from the factories of Genschow & Co. This must have seemed so damaging to the Germans that they were careful not to mention it in their first announcements. Later it was established that the Genschow firm had produced arms and munitions almost exclusively for export to Russia and the Baltic countries.

But if the Germans had used a Soviet method of execution, Russian rope and bayonets, to conceal their crime, would they have been so careless and stupid as to use German pistols and bullets? They had plenty of captured Soviet arms. Thus the German origin of the bullets argues strongly against the whole frame-up theory. The Soviet report, as a matter of fact, did not claim the bullets as evidence against the Germans.

Moscow's story presents another challenge to common sense. All the missing men, it states, had been in the Smolensk district in camps (exact location, curiously enough, not given) for 14 months before the outbreak of the Russo-German war. Why had their mail been returned to senders, though mail to prisoners in other areas was being delivered? Even assuming that a tight censorship had for some undisclosed reason been imposed only on these 14,

500, it seems too much to believe that not one of them, working on the roads, had failed to smuggle out a message to some friend or relative.

At Gnezdevo, it will be recalled, the Poles were taken away in small batches by an autobus, which then returned for more. According to entries in diaries, these vehicles returned at intervals of about half an hour. That would be about right if the destination were Katyn forest, two miles away.

The verdict is inescapable. The 4,253 Poles unearthed from common graves at Katyn forest were murdered by Stalin's NKVD.

Where are the prisoners of Starobielsk and Oshtakov? By analogy we must assume that their mass graves are somewhere near Kharkov and Viazma, respectively. The very fact that the Kremlin persists in lumping all these prisoners together, and placing the Katyn total at 10,000 or 11,000, betrays an anxiety to divert inquiry from the victims not yet located.

That the postwar Warsaw regime made an unpublicized investigation of its own has become known only recently. A prominent Krakow lawyer, Roman Martini, was put in charge. Apparently the communist rulers erred in choosing an honest man. Martini's report not only flatly accused Soviet Russia of the crime but named some of the NKVD officers in command of the grim job. This we know through a colleague of Martini who escaped to Sweden and

published the whole tale in the Stockholm *Dagens Nyheter* of Feb. 13, 1948.

Several days after he had delivered his report and returned to Krakow, Roman Martini was assassinated by two young communists, according to the Stockholm account. The killers were arrested, but quickly "escaped" from the Krakow penitentiary.

Two pieces of intelligence that seem to fit into the jigsaw puzzle deserve mention.

The first is a story recently spread in London and credited to a member of the Soviet embassy there. We have no way of knowing, of course, whether it is even partly true.

According to this account, Stalin was asked by the Red army what he wished to do with its fat catch of Polish officers. Stalin thereupon took a piece of his personal stationery and wrote on it one word: *Liquidate!* It is a word of many meanings, and perhaps the dictator did not mean physical extermination. But the Red army chose the most gruesome interpretation, and turned the bloody task over to specialists in such matters, the NKVD.

The second involves "General" Zygmunt Berling, a Pole who early cast his lot with the Soviets. In the late spring of 1940 he was among a group of "cooperative" Polish officers meeting with Soviet military and police officials, including the head of the NKVD, Lavrenti Beria, and his deputy, Merkulov. They

were discussing the formation of a Polish unit for the Red army.

At one point, Berling asked permission to interview certain high-ranking Polish military men, with a view to enlarging his staff. Beria's reply was cryptic. Neither Berling

nor the others—from whom we have the story—could fathom its horror until three years later, when the mass graves were uncovered.

"Unfortunately," Beria said, "these men are no longer available. A mistake was made."

## *New Words for You*

By G. A. CEVASCO

**P**SYCHOLOGISTS tell us that a good stock of words is one of the surest tools for success in any walk of life. One of the best ways to build your vocabulary is by learning certain Latin and Greek word roots.

Our language abounds in words that are made up from these roots; a comparatively small number have given us thousands of English words. Since the root is the core of the word, knowing the root will often give you the meaning, or at least help you to determine its meaning from the context.

*Vocare* in Latin means to call. Of the many words built from this root (*voc, vok*), only a dozen are listed below. Do you know them? Try to match the words in Column A with their meanings found in Column B.

### *Column A*

1. vociferous
2. vocation
3. avocation
4. evoke
5. advocator
6. convocation
7. univocal
8. irrevocable
9. invoke
10. equivocal
11. devocalize
12. provoke

### *Column B*

- a) To call out; to summon.
- b) Making a loud outcry; clamorous.
- c) One who speaks or writes in support of something.
- d) A calling together; meeting.
- e) Having one meaning only; called with one voice; unmistakable.
- f) That which cannot be called back; unalterable.
- g) To call on for blessing; implore; supplicate.
- h) A calling in life; especially a religious calling.
- i) A calling away from one's regular work; hobby or diversion.
- j) Equal calling of two or more meanings; vague or misleading.
- k) To make a voiced sound inaudible.
- l) To call forth; incite; irritate.

(Answers on page 126.)

By Paul Ditzel

*Condensed from the "Holy Name Journal"*\*

## *A Labor of Love for Labor*

*Joe Kearney left Bob Crosby's band to become priest and peacemaker in Los Angeles*

FROM HARMONY in music to harmony in relations between labor and management: that was the giant step taken by the road manager of Bob Crosby's Bobcats. The road manager was Joe Kearney, now Father Joseph V. Kearney, labor priest in Los Angeles, Calif.

Band leader Crosby stopped his car dead when Kearney announced his decision to quit the band for the priesthood. They were on their way to a recording session. Off-hand, Crosby could cite a dozen arguments against Kearney's idea: money, glamour of show business, travel, fame. But he said, "What can I say except to wish you good luck, Joe? I'll miss you, and so will the Bobcats."

Kearney had been one of Crosby's closest pals ever since they lived next door to each other in Spokane, Wash. But Crosby had had no previous inkling of what was in his friend's mind.

Thus, he was still incredulous as Kearney explained, "I've given this much thought, especially during those four months when I was sick. I like working for you and with the Bobcats; but I'm not getting any younger; so, if I'm going to make the break, I must do it soon. I've decided to enter St. John's seminary at Camarillo."

With the Bobcats' best wishes still ringing in his ears, Kearney left the band in 1940 at the end of their engagement at Catalina

Island's Pavilion and made the trip up to Camarillo, Calif.

Some skeptics thought that Joe Kearney, at 29, could not endure the rigorous routine of seminary life. He was too old, they said. He hadn't cracked a textbook in ten years. And some conservatives even went as far as to suggest that traveling around the country with a jazz band wasn't the best foundation for a life of service to God.



\*141 E. 65th St., New York City 21. February, 1956. © 1956, and reprinted with permission.

There were times during the next few years when Kearney himself wasn't too sure he'd make the grade, especially after a battle with tuberculosis that was to hospitalize him, a second time, in the midst of his studies. A New York City hotel doctor had originally discovered Kearney was sick while the band was playing a Gotham night club. Kearney at first tried to pass off his ailment as pleurisy; but the Bobcats pooled their meager savings, sent him back to a Spokane sanitarium, and paid his expenses while he recuperated.

"The idea of becoming a priest actually came to me while I was attending Gonzaga College High school in Spokane," says Father Kearney. "The thought haunted me continually. My sister, who'd raised me after my mother died when I was seven, is now Sister Mary Ann Kathleen, a teacher at Holy Name in Seattle. One of my six brothers is a Jesuit in Singapore.

"But the four months I lay in that Spokane sanitarium bed became the turning point of my life. While there, I realized that almost anyone else could do what little I was accomplishing for the Bobcats. Besides, I wasn't in their class as a musician."

During his years at St. John's, the seminarian heard frequently from Crosby and the other Bobcats, who always found time in their busy schedule to write their friend and to send him new recordings.

When Kearney organized a glee club at the seminary, Paul Weston, who was then Crosby's arranger, sent him musical scores.

At Father Kearney's ordination, the Bobcats happened to be playing Hollywood's Palladium. That ordination was probably the first in the history of the Church to which an entire Dixieland band was invited. Father Kearney's friendship with Crosby endures, and he can always count on the Bobcats for church benefits.

Soon after the ordination, the late Archbishop John J. Cantwell of Los Angeles gave his blessing to the Catholic Labor institute founded by Father Thomas Coogan. Father Coogan found an eager assistant in Father Kearney. The two were almost direct opposites in training, a fact which admirably complemented the institute's work.

Father Coogan was a scholar who had steeped himself in the papal social encyclicals. Father Kearney brought to his calling more than eight years of varied business and labor experience. He had learned management's role during the three years he worked in Spokane mining-brokerage offices. His five years as Bobcat road manager and member of Local 802, AFL American Federation of Musicians, gave him a practical insight into the workings of organized labor. Moreover, his father, who died in 1932, had been an active member of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen at a



time when union membership of any kind was sometimes considered subversive. From his father, he'd learned the rudiments of democratic labor-union operations.

The Catholic Labor institute found Los Angeles a fertile field for the fostering of more Christian relationships between workers and their bosses. One of its first steps was to add a religious touch to Labor-day observances. The day in Los Angeles had been the occasion for mass parades which gradually disintegrated for lack of interest, and the city eventually had only token observances. In 1947, the first Labor-day Mass was celebrated at St. Vibiana's cathedral, followed by breakfast in a downtown hotel.

Attendance at the annual Masses and breakfasts now runs well up into the hundreds. Nationally known speakers are invited, and Hollywood luminaries serve as masters of ceremonies.

The close association between Fathers Kearney and Coogan came to a sudden shattering end just after the second Labor-day Mass. Father Coogan, vacationing in Tennessee, was killed in a highway collision. Father Coogan's devotion to the institute inspired Father Kearney and others to honor his memory at each succeeding Labor-day breakfast by publicly honoring management and labor groups with the Father Coogan memorial award for outstanding achievements in industrial peace.

Last year the award went to the Fluor corporation, installers of refinery equipment, and their workers, members of 28 AFL building-trades unions. Relations between Fluor and its workers have been harmonious for years despite difficult working conditions, including projects out in the open desert.

Such recognition of Christian harmony is in line with the Church's historic championship of democratically run labor unions and management organizations. A series of pronouncements have been made by the Church aiming at a social and economic order which upholds the just claims of workers while at the same time protecting the institution of private property.

These pronouncements include the encyclicals of Leo XIII *On the Condition of Labor*, and of Pius XI *On the Reconstruction of the Social Order* and *On Atheistic Communism*, in addition to those of Pius XII, who has similarly spoken out frequently. The Church's encouragement of legitimate labor-union activity gained impetus when Socialists and communists infiltrated unions.

Most major cities have organizations similar to the Los Angeles Catholic Labor institute, among them the Catholic Labor alliance in Chicago and the Catholic Labor guild in Boston, plus, of course, numerous chapters of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists.

Criticism has been heard both



inside and out of Catholic circles that the Church, by setting up organizations such as the institute, is trying to create intra-union blocs. The Catholic Labor institute is anxious to prevent this misconception. It follows an ironclad policy of silence insofar as internal union affairs are concerned.

However, organized labor in Los Angeles is still talking about the exception which proves the rule. Not long ago, a communist-dominated union went after the 700 members of an AFL affiliate at an East Los Angeles electric-parts factory. Most of the workers were teenage girls of Mexican extraction, and members of area parishes.

The left-wing union, which had quit the CIO just as it was about to be expelled, planted an especially voluble young woman as a worker in the factory. She quickly worked herself into a bonus-rate job, and was elected to a seat on the union's executive board. Her leadership training came to the fore; and after building a vast following she bolted the local and harangued her followers to reaffiliate with the communist-dominated one.

The AFL union holding bargaining rights and a CIO group were powerless to cope with the communist propaganda. The left-wing union masqueraded as a group of Mexican Catholics by showing the girls long membership lists of fellow Mexicans purportedly working at other left-wing-union plants.

The communists finally wrested enough strength from the AFL union to call for a new National Labor Relations board election. For a time the left wingers were favored to overwhelm the AFL and CIO. Passions aroused in the heat of the controversy brought pessimistic comments from police investigators, who expected bloodshed.

Then a representative from one of the democratically run unions called upon Father Kearney, and explained the problem.

Father Kearney took lists containing the names and addresses of plant workers and compared them with parish lists. He then called the matter to the attention of parish priests, who agreed with Father Kearney that this was one matter demanding the Church's immediate attention.

Parish priests visited workers in their homes, called some of them on the telephone, and sent letters. In no case were the workers urged to vote for or against any of the involved unions. One parish priest summarized the record of the left-wing union, and sent it as an open letter to a parishioner working at the plant. The letter was mimeographed, and sent by neighboring priests together with a personal note of their own to other workers in the plant.

"We told the workers, 'You need a union, but you need a good one and a strongly democratic one.' We then urged them to make up their

own minds on the basis of facts," said Father Kearney.

As election time approached, the institute, helped by members of the Young Christian Workers, handed out information sheets at plant gates. Balloting was close, and a runoff was called. When the NLRB field examiner finished counting, the left-wing union had lost out.

"Ordinarily, the institute would have stayed out of such a brawl," says Father Kearney. "But in this case it felt that the fight was one in which we had a very vital stake; the institute could not in good conscience stand by while a communist-dominated union duped our parishioners."

Father Kearney feels that the institute's major accomplishments to date, although not so spectacular, have been the four labor-management schools attended by both Catholics and non-Catholics. Courses include parliamentary procedure, how to be heard in union meetings, labor law, current legislation, public speaking, and what Father Kearney calls "bread-and-butter social principles."

That the free night schools have quickly bent to the changing needs of students is evidenced by the shift of emphasis in three of them to citizenship. As a result of institute training, more than 300 East Los Angeles residents of Mexican extraction have become U. S. citizens. Some 200 naturalizations are pending.

Father Kearney sees the institute as nucleus of a future city-wide labor-management committee patterned after the famous unit in Toledo, Ohio. The seeds of this idea took root during a series of monthly meetings between a group of labor-management representatives in James Francis Cardinal McIntyre's home.

"The value of such a committee would not be to stop all fires—that is a Utopian impossibility," says Father Kearney. "Rather, it would provide both labor and management with a common meeting ground where the ordinary collective-bargaining tensions would be absent."

Several labor leaders have shown considerable interest in this idea. As one outspoken AFL leader put it, "If Los Angeles had such a city-wide committee, perhaps we could have avoided the recent prolonged transit strike that stirred up so much bitter criticism, locally and nationally, of both the union and the Los Angeles Transit Lines."

Father Kearney firmly believes that, with patience and understanding, the committee will eventually become a reality. Until that time, institute work and his duties as instructor and guidance-program supervisor at St. John Vianney High school in Los Angeles are providing Father Kearney with the kind of challenge he used to long for back in the days when he was one of Bob Crosby's Bobcats.

By Peter C. Goulding  
Condensed from "Today's Health"\*

## The Case of the Telltale Tooth

By looking at your mouth a dentist  
can learn a lot about you



**I**F YOU HARBOR any secrets that you would just as soon keep from your dentist, better think twice before you open your mouth for his inspection. Your teeth can give you away. A dentist may be able to tell if you have ever lived in another country, how your general health is, what you do for a living, the part of the country you are from, and even your approximate age.

Let's follow Mr. Patient into the office of a particularly observant dentist, Dr. S. Holmes. Dr. Holmes seats Mr. Patient in the dental chair and proceeds to examine his mouth. "How long since you last visited a dentist?" he asks, laying aside his combined magnifying glass and mouth mirror.

"About ten years, Dr. Holmes."

"And how long have you been a glass blower?" Dr. Holmes asks with quiet triumph.

"About 20 years. Say, how did you know that?" Mr. Patient stammers.

"That was quite obvious; as is the fact that you spent some time in Germany before 1945. It's also apparent that you grew up in a community which had a high concentration of fluorides in its water supply, probably some place in the U. S. Southwest. Also, when you were about nine years old, your family moved to another community."

Dr. Holmes gently closes Mr. Patient's dangling lower jaw and nonchalantly explains. "Your occupation was quite apparent since, like so many glass blowers, you have the habit of rotating the flowing tube against your four front incisors. That pea-shaped hole in the center of your smile is the result. Your fixed bridgework is constructed of stainless steel rather than gold—unquestionably a mark of European dentistry. Add the fact that you have fillings made of plastic, even though you haven't seen a dentist for ten years, and it becomes obvious that you were in Germany before 1945, because this

\*535 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill. April, 1956. © 1956 by the American Medical Association, and reprinted with permission.

technique was first used there during the 2nd World War."

Dr. Holmes points to Mr. Patient's incisors, which are mottled with a light brown stain. "Your teeth are stained because of drinking water with much, much too high a concentration of fluoride. Most such water is found in the Southwestern part of the country. A bit of a guess on that one, of course. But only some of your teeth are stained, which means that you left this community before those other teeth appeared, at the age of nine or thereabouts."

We quietly leave as Dr. Holmes, resisting the temptation to sigh, "Elementary, you see," proceeds almost reluctantly with the more routine part of the dental examination.

Of course, not many dentists would be as Sherlock-like as Dr. Holmes, and not many people have mouths as cluttered with clues as Mr. Patient. But your teeth can tell a lot about your personal habits.

Seamstresses, for example, often develop two tiny opposing notches in their front teeth from biting threads. Upholsterers, on the other hand, sometimes have a whole row of dental notches, much like a hacksaw blade, because they habitually take a mouthful of tacks, push them one by one past their teeth and then pick them out with a magnetized hammer tip.

Bakers and confectionery workers often exhibit an unusual circular

area of decay at the gum line because of their constant association with sugar.

An orange staining of teeth and ulceration of the mouth tissue would tell Dr. Holmes that you work with chrome or steel. Rose-red spots on the mucous membrane, and eruptions and swelling of the gums, point to excessive exposure to carbon monoxide, as might be the case with mechanics, brewery workers, and sewer repairmen.

Dentists themselves often leave clues in your mouth, in the form of dental work, which give hints about the section of the country you are from. According to a study by the American Dental association, dentists in different regions tend to use certain techniques or materials more than others.

In the East, for instance, dentists use more silver amalgam for fillings than their colleagues elsewhere; in the Northwest, dentists seem to prefer gold foil. Plastic space maintainers, which keep the teeth in proper position at the gap made by a missing tooth, are apparently twice as popular in the Far West as in New England; people in the Northwest lean toward space maintainers of metal. The study also indicates that for some reason general anesthesia in dental operations is nearly three times as popular in New England as in the West.

Sometimes this mouthful of biographical information can prove damaging to the owner. If you hap-

pen to be planning some dark crime at the moment, take warning—or at least leave your teeth at home.

The FBI records the case of a middle-aged man and several companions who were arrested on suspicion of murder and robbery. The only substantial clues were several apple cores, discovered at the scene of the robbery. Unfortunately for the robbers, the chief of police was a retired dentist. He took wax impressions of the suspects' teeth, matched them with the tooth marks in the apples, and obtained a confession.

A reverse twist appears in the story of a young criminal who deliberately exhibited his dental peculiarities to his victims as a means of putting on a disguise. There had been a series of holdups in a small town, all apparently by the same man. He wore a small mask, but he didn't conceal his bushy hair or two prominent gold front teeth.

He made the mistake of holding up a dentist, who suggested to the police that they might have some luck by picking up suspects employed in a certain trade, which he named. Later, at a line-up, the dentist tentatively picked out one of the suspects as the holdup man. The police were skeptical. After all, this youth had short-cropped hair and perfect teeth. But when a magnifying glass was used, the teeth exhibited several scratches, and tiny flecks of gold paint could be seen in the crevices. A bushy wig and a

quantity of gold leaf (the suspect was a sign painter) were found in the man's room. He confessed.

Age also leaves its telltale tracks in your teeth. But don't reach for the phone to cancel your dental appointment just yet, ladies. No dentist can simply look in your mouth and read your birth year. First, he would have to extract a tooth, examine it microscopically, and finally apply a mathematical formula developed in 1950 by a Swedish dentist named Gustaf Gustafson. By weighing such factors as the amount of attrition (the wearing down of the tooth from chewing), changes in the gum structure, and the transparency of the root, Dr. Gustafson is able to determine age within three years.

In the case of a child, of course, any dentist could come within a few months of estimating age: from the number of teeth that have appeared and from the development of the jaws.

Most modern dentists, however, are more likely to busy themselves with detecting gum diseases rather than gangsters, and to give more attention to your occlusion than your age. Dentists are trained to be on the lookout for many of the diseases which attack other parts of your body but which leave symptomatic tracks in the mouth. One specialist estimated, for example, that 60% of the patients with mouth cancer first discovered it by a visit to a dentist. Pleurisy, hyper-

tension, leukemia, and diabetes are only a few of the other diseases that can broadcast their presence through oral symptoms.

So if your conscience is clear, don't hesitate to see your dentist. His Holmes-like deductions may prove more helpful than damaging.



## ♥ ♥ Hearts Are Trumps ♥ ♥

IN THE FALL of 1945, I was in Berlin covering foreign news for the Associated Press. One day, a Catholic priest called on me. "I am Cardinal von Preysing's secretary," he said by way of introduction. "I come to you because I understand you were in Germany for a long time before the war." (I had in fact been with the AP Berlin bureau during most of the 20's and 30's, and had been bureau chief when the U. S. entered the war.)

"You undoubtedly know of the cardinal's brave stand against the nazis," he continued. "Now imagine: American GI's are at this moment in the new home just being set up for the cardinal, seizing the furniture for their clubhouse! Can't you do something about it?"

The old episcopal residence in the center of Berlin, I knew, had been demolished in the air raids, and the cardinal was then living in the most primitive conditions somewhere in the French sector, awaiting the completion of his new residence.

I went straight to American headquarters. Emphasizing that I was not a Catholic, and hence could not be accused of prejudice, I pointed out the irony of our proclaiming on the one hand that we were going to restore freedom of religion in Germany, and on the other hand robbing a church dignitary of his furniture.

It worked. The furniture was straightway restored to where it belonged. Next morning, there was a loud rap on my door. A huge American colonel entered. A cross on his lapel indicated that he was a chaplain.

"Are you the guy who raised Cain yesterday about taking the cardinal's furniture? Shake!" He stretched out his hand. "I'm the Catholic chaplain. Unfortunately, I was away from Berlin yesterday. But you saved the day."

Later, he more than rewarded me for my small part in the affair. He and I were both about to board a military train. His rank entitled him to a berth; I would have to sit up all night. "Let me handle this," the chaplain said. He walked up to the ticket window. "I need a sleeping compartment for myself and one for my friend, Mr. Lochner," he said.

That night, in an upper berth, I, a sort of Catholic *pro tem*, slept soundly.

From "Always the Unexpected" by Louis P. Lochner (Macmillan, N. Y. 1956).

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Contributions for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.]



## Bill Murphy's Business

*He's a shepherd for VIPs*

**W**ILLIAM JEREMIAH Murphy, creator of VIP Services, Inc., has been so successful at the task of accomplishing the impossible for VIPs (Very Important Persons) that he is now solidly established as a VIP himself. Within ten years, Murphy, a boyish-faced, 39-year-old Irishman with a deceptively easy-going manner, has built an off-trail, rootless little enterprise into a business grossing several million dollars annually. Yet the average man, when he hears how Murphy has done it, is no more likely to wish he could step into Murphy's shoes than to take over for a lion tamer or a human cannon ball.

Murphy has specialized in forestalling headaches for other people. His own headaches have sometimes been cosmic. Consider, for example, what he went through at the time of the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. As soon as he heard the news of the death of George VI, Murphy was on the transatlantic phone, booking 300 rooms in London's finest hotels. VIP Services then planned and sold a great many coronation tours at \$1,750 each.



The Nestlé Co. bought 20 of them as prizes in a contest. But when the coronation date (June 2, 1953) was officially announced, the British government requisitioned all hotel space, and Murphy was informed that his reservations had all been canceled.

Casting about feverishly for a solution, Bill hit upon the idea of renting several castles near London. That plan collapsed when it turned out that the castles he had in mind, while suitably equipped with ivy and ghosts, lacked adequate lighting and plumbing.

Desperate, he arranged to billet his guests in hotels on the French coast, 100 miles and 30 minutes by air from London. As things finally developed, wholesale canceling of the government's reservations made it possible to quarter all of VIP's guests in London, after all.

Murphy arrived at his present oc-



cupation by way of the Columbia Broadcasting System and the U. S. Navy. He was born in Douglas, Ariz., in 1916, but went to live in Bristol, Conn., when he was nine. His father owned a moderately prosperous electrical business, and Bill received a good education. He was graduated from St. Joseph's school, Bristol, Conn., and entered the Catholic University of America in Washington in 1934. There he majored in philosophy, and was graduated in 1938.

Bill then secured one of the apprenticeships which CBS was offering to promising young men. During his first year, he had a go at every phase of broadcasting except acting. At the end of his apprenticeship, he became a staff writer. He wrote scripts for soap operas, horse operas, whodunits, comedies, news and sports broadcasts, and educational programs. He even wrote program notes for Philharmonic broadcasts; he has an extensive acquaintance with good music.

When the 2nd World War broke out, Bill was called up in the draft, but was deferred because of poor vision. After exercising his eyes intensively and consuming vast quantities of carrots, he put in for a navy commission, passed the physical examination, and was commissioned an ensign in March, 1942. He was assigned as a public-relations officer to 90 Church St., New York City.

In November, 1942, Bill married Charlotte Morgan, whom he had

met two summers before. She came from an old Manhattan Irish family, long active in diocesan affairs. The wedding day was marked by the kind of confusion that Bill's firm now averts for its clients. Bill and Charlotte set their marriage for Nov. 7 at the Lady chapel in St. Patrick's cathedral. A few days before that date, George M. Cohan died. His funeral was set for St. Patrick's at the same hour at which the wedding had been scheduled. The street outside the cathedral was jammed; inside, nave and aisles were so packed with mourners that it was impossible to get to the chapel.

Then, when the funeral services were over, another delay occurred. Major Edward Bowes, of *Amateur Hour* fame, had recently given a valuable madonna for the Lady chapel, and the bridal party had to mark time while the major displayed his gift to a group of friends.

He sometimes thinks that the first glimmering of the notion had occurred the morning of his wedding, when he saw the turmoil outside St. Patrick's after George Cohan's funeral, as scores of dignitaries and celebrities vainly tried to secure transportation. A lover of order, he had felt the born troubleshooter's natural urge to step in and unsnarl things.

It occurred to him now, as he planned his future, that there was a need for a person or organization that could see that such situations

did not arise in the first place. The vip would probably be willing to pay for such a service. And there seemed to be a great many more vips at the end of the war than there had been before.

A seller's market had developed; it was hard to get hotel accommodations, restaurant reservations, and theater tickets. People who thought of their money as an Aladdin's lamp for gaining anything they desired were often chagrined to find that the lamp didn't produce results.

What the typical vip needed, Bill saw, was a professional genie: a versatile, masterful figure who could satisfy individual requirements with dispatch. Here was a splendid opportunity. In deciding to become a genie, Bill chose a field in which there has always, of course, been a fairly acute shortage; but the period immediately following the 2nd World War was an especially good time to start operations.

The big problem was winning the cooperation of hotel managers, airline and railway officials, restaurant owners, and Broadway producers. Most of them thought he was joking when he suggested that they put choice hotel rooms, train compartments, and middle-aisle seats at his disposal without getting a penny in kickbacks. But some listened thoughtfully to his argument: the day of reckoning was bound to come soon; the abnormal seller's market would once more be a buy-

er's market. And when that happened, Bill Murphy would be bringing increased business to those who helped him now.

By the end of the first year, vip Services, Inc., had several hundred clients, including such giants as General Electric, Westinghouse, Portland Cement, and cbs. Firms paid \$50 a month, individuals \$10. The first annual balance sheet showed a gross of nearly \$200,000—a figure that has since been increased about 1,500%. The client list now includes more than 600 large concerns and 3,000 individuals.

Bill is especially happy over the success of his vip Catholic Tours. As the name indicates, these tours are arranged to accommodate American pilgrims to famous European shrines, at such places as Lourdes, Fatima, Assisi, and Siena. Murphy is active in the affairs of his home parish, St. Aloysius, New Canaan, Conn., and is a member of Cardinal Spellman's Committee of the Laity in New York.

The Murphys live in a comfortable home in New Canaan. Their four daughters, ranging in age from 11 to five, attend convent school.

Bill has no thought of taking it easy or retiring while young. When travel to the moon is finally established, the first space-ship will almost certainly have vip clients aboard. And nobody who knows him will be surprised if the No. 1 reservation is made out for William Jeremiah Murphy.



*Pearly*

## **Kings and Queens**

London's Pearly costermongers are a tough lot. They are also warm-hearted. For 75 years these street hawkers, who peddle fruits and vegetables from pushcarts, have raised money for London hospitals. Nowadays the Pearlies help provide TV sets and radios for hospitals.

*Each Pearly king designs his own costume. The completed suit weighs 25 pounds.*



Costermongers derive their name from the word *costard* (a type of English apple). Pearlies are so called because of their custom of sewing hundreds of pearl buttons over their clothing. The ornate suits are worn mainly at festivals.



Pearlies rarely miss a chance to solicit funds. This group makes rounds to raise cash for TV sets for hospitals.

*Pearly kings and queens are drawn from the ranks of the costermongers.*





*Even Junior has to have his Pearly costume when his family and neighbors set out to visit hospital wards.*



It was in the late 80's that a Cockney costermonger first embellished his entire costume with hundreds of pearl buttons. The practice soon caught on, and by the end of the century, London had 50 Pearly families.

*Money is raised by singing and dancing. Pearlies give first, then pass box.*

*The night's work done, the Pearlies return to their homes by motor coach. Few own traditional donkey-and-barrow rigs.*



Metro Group Fotos and  
The New York Daily News.

By William E. Miles

Condensed from the "American Mercury"

## How Safe Is Your Car?

*New research is explaining the cause of what were formerly "mysterious" accidents*

THE SUPERINTENDENT of a Chicago boiler works returned to his job after a strange illness. He had been repairing his automobile with the engine running, and some of the exhaust fumes had knocked him out for a few days. But it was nothing serious—or so he thought.

Sitting at his desk, he glanced up at the office clock. He could see the numbers on the dial, and the hands; but they meant nothing to him.

Puzzled, he studied the clock. *He simply could not tell time.*

He frowned and wondered if he had not come back to the shop too soon. He took a job-specification sheet from the pile on his desk and began to figure out its costs. The figures meant no more to him than had the numbers on the clock. He could not multiply nor divide.

He exasperatedly brushed the sheets aside, picked up the payroll, and tried to total a column of figures. But he could not even add.

The superintendent was suffering from acalculia, the inability to perform arithmetical calculations and



other simple, orderly tasks, an after-effect of carbon-monoxide poisoning. He was fortunate in that he was overcome by the fumes while he was in a garage repairing a car, and not when he was at the wheel of one that was "feeding" him carbon monoxide as he drove. For there is a good chance that he might not have known what was happening to him until too late. Many people have not.

When your head begins to ache after you have been driving for an hour or so—or you feel sleepy, or slightly dizzy, or find your field of vision narrowed until cars coming out of side roads startle you—your trouble may not be something you ate or drank. It may lie in the car you drive. A poorly adjusted carburetor, a leaky exhaust system, and

\*250 W. 57th St., New York City 19. March, 1956. © 1956 by American Mercury Magazine, Inc., and reprinted with permission.



loose floorboards may be combining to feed you carbon monoxide: the cause of about one-third of all unexplained automobile accidents and many deaths.

The California State Department of Public Health tested 1,100 commercial vehicles under varying weather and road conditions. The testers found that the carbon monoxide concentration in 2% of the vehicles was enough to cause headaches, sleepiness, weakness, impaired judgment, and decreased driving ability. In 1,000 passenger cars tested, this same concentration was found in 3% of the automobiles.

In most cars with exhaust-system defects, the amount of gas entering the car was found to be greater when one or more windows were open than when all the windows were closed! This was proof that, in heavy traffic, an additional source of carbon monoxide is the exhaust gas of other cars.

Dr. Frank Dutra, chief medical examiner for Cincinnati, has told in the Cincinnati *Journal of Medicine* of a middle-aged man who was driving along a country lane when his car suddenly left the road and struck a tree. A witness said that he had seen the driver slump over the wheel immediately before the crash. Analysis of the victim's blood showed that 37% of the hemoglobin was combined with carbon monoxide. "This fact," says Dr. Dutra, "led to the discovery that several holes had rusted through the car's muffler."

Many persons have been found to be suffering from carbon-monoxide poisoning after long automobile rides. They display no symptoms while they are sitting quietly in the car, but as soon as they get out and walk or change a tire they develop a headache and dizziness. Physical exertion increases susceptibility to the killer.

Carbon monoxide kills because it has an insatiable hunger for hemoglobin, the red coloring matter in the blood that carries life-giving oxygen through the human system. Combining with hemoglobin 300 times faster than oxygen, carbon monoxide actually suffocates the body. The exhaust gas from internal-combustion engines contains the poison in percentages ranging from 1% to 7%. The richer the gas-air mixture, the more dangerous the exhaust fumes.

The fumes can enter an automobile or truck in many ways. Exhaust gases can even be swirled by a whirlpool of air back into the vehicle through the rear windows.

The chief danger of carbon monoxide is its lack of color, taste, or odor, although in extremely heavy concentrations it has a faint garlic-like smell. Its commonest symptom is a slight headache, and most of its unwitting victims think they are suffering from an upset stomach or some other minor digestive ailment.

Until the advent of the automobile and air-tight homes supplied with artificial or natural illuminat-



ing gas, there was relatively little danger from carbon monoxide. But a recent committee report to the American Medical association said that poisoning by carbon monoxide is one of the hazards of civilized life that can never be entirely eliminated.

One defense against the menace has been devised by William C. Darby of Santa Maria, Calif. Darby has invented a small machine that registers carbon monoxide accumulatively exactly as the body reacts to it. His detector also shows the total amount absorbed by a human being in a given length of time. The machine could easily be placed under a car's instrument panel with a red light to indicate the presence of the deadly gas. The red light would give the driver sufficient warning to open the windows and let in the fresh air.

Lacking such a device, your own car or truck is never safe when the exhaust system is not tight, floorboards are not firmly fastened, and carburetor is not adjusted to prevent leaks. Slow leaks can ultimately prove fatal because the gas is more often a slow killer than a fast one. It is less harmful to breathe a relatively high concentration for a short time than to inhale a small concentration over a long period.

You may inhale even the exhaust fumes of the car immediately ahead of you through ventilators and heater. In an insurance-company test, hundreds of cars were stopped on a

state highway and blood samples obtained from the drivers. More than half of them were found to be suffering from slight carbon-monoxide poisoning.

Six researchers at the Harvard fatigue laboratory risked their lives in experiments to prove that the average person can stand the gas only until one-third of his blood is saturated with it. They also found that it takes only one part of the gas in 1,000 parts of air, breathed for half an hour or so, to render a healthy man unconscious. Much smaller quantities than this greatly dull human reactions. The eye, for instance, can normally see movement in an arc of 180°, but carbon monoxide inhalation can reduce that to 90°. As a result, victims of the gas often fail to see another car until the last minute, and then their reflexes are too slow to avoid a crash.

One motorist who struck and killed a pedestrian was held for drunken driving until a test established that his blood contained no alcohol, but carbon monoxide. Similar blood tests have removed the names of countless other drivers from police blotters.

First aid should consist primarily of getting a victim into fresh air. If he is breathing regularly, he should be kept warm. If his breathing is irregular or barely discernible, artificial respiration should be administered at once. The final step is to call the fire department, which is

equipped with inhalators, and summon a doctor.

Even after the victim is revived and the carbon monoxide removed from his blood, either acalculia or death can result. The poisoning can injure the brain cells and central nervous system.

In such cases, victims should not be allowed to walk, even a few steps, for several hours after resuscitation. Blood transfusions are not recommended because they increase pressure on the brain. Drugs or alcohol should never be administered, but strong black coffee may be given.

According to Dr. Alexander Gettler, toxicologist for the New York City medical examiner's office, practically everyone's blood contains traces of carbon monoxide. This is especially true of heavy smokers, who may have up to 7% of their

blood saturated with it. The U. S. Bureau of Mines conducted tests in which three cigaret smokers were placed in a nonventilated room of 1,000-cubic-feet capacity. After the smokers had puffed away steadily for two hours, the amount of carbon monoxide was measured and found to be about six times more concentrated than it would have been in an adequately ventilated room.

Such a concentration, however, is no more than might be inhaled on any traffic-heavy city street, which usually is not dangerous unless it is flowing into a car that is already polluted.

Then, safety engineers warn, the carbon monoxide from both sources can be potentially as lethal to driver and occupants as are faulty brakes, a defective steering wheel, or any other mechanical defect.



### *Applied Geriatrics*

**AN** 80-YEAR-OLD woman had just undergone a serious operation. Her doctor, following the rules of modern practice, told the nurse to get her out of bed and on her feet as soon as possible.

A few days after the operation, despite her obvious reluctance, the old lady was made to walk from her bed to a chair and back. Next day, still complaining, she was persuaded to walk around her room; still later, she was marched up and down the hospital corridor. In a few weeks, she was discharged.

Not long afterward, her son called the doctor's office to tell him how delighted the whole family was at her recovery. "It was really remarkable," he exclaimed. "You know, mother hadn't walked in five years!"

*American Medical Journal.*

By Norah Berkhuijsen

# Life in Vatican City

*It's a sovereign state, but you can walk around  
it in 20 minutes*

VATICAN CITY is a sovereign state, but if you are a citizen of Rome you still think of it as an integral part of your home town. Technically it is a "foreign country"; in other respects it is like an extension of the neighborhood in which you grew up. Of course, you cannot walk into it and out of it as you please, but that's true of your neighbor's house, too.

The city is walled, as medieval castles and convents generally were. At one time, the Vatican stood apart from the metropolis, and the walls helped to shut it off completely from the outer world. But Rome has grown enormously, and the

Vatican is now surrounded by new apartment blocks, most of them eight to ten stories high.

People who rented apartments on the 4th floor and higher in those buildings found that they could easily look into the ancient citadel. And that fact brought about an odd little diplomatic incident. Article 7 of the Lateran Treaty of 1929 between the Vatican and the Italian government forbade the construction of neighboring buildings so high that such surveillance would be possible. Roman architects had ignored the rule, and for a time nobody at the Vatican bothered about it either. Then, one morning,



a hard-working monsignor, nerves frayed under steady scrutiny from an open window beyond the wall, pleaded that Article 7 be enforced.

The situation was embarrassing for both sides. The too-tall buildings were now occupied by hundreds of families; they could not be turned into the street. It was equally impossible to slice the buildings down to size. Finally, someone came up with a solution. Why not fit all windows overlooking the Vatican with opaque glass? That's what was done.

Of course, the Vatican, despite its understandable desire for privacy, has no mysteries to hide, nor does it expect any malicious discourtesy from its neighbors. Most Italians are Catholics, including the many millions who regularly vote for the communists. And Romans are very proud of the Vatican, even those who indulge in cynical gossip about it. Whenever there is a special ceremony at which the Holy Father appears for a public address, Romans jam St. Peter's square in such numbers that traffic gets hopelessly blocked for hours.

Vatican territory covers exactly 11 acres. You can easily walk around the city in 20 minutes. One third of it is covered by buildings, one third by streets and courtyards, one third by gardens.

Its citizens number about 1,000. Vatican citizenship is much sought after, but very hard to get. Except for the cardinals of the Curia, who

hold such citizenship by right, one must actually live in Vatican City to possess it. Many people who have regular jobs in Vatican City live outside, some of them in apartments owned by the Vatican and rented to them at far lower rates than prevail elsewhere in Rome. The wife, children, brothers, sisters, and parents of a Vatican citizen have a right to Vatican citizenship as long as they live under his roof.

A Vatican citizen is exempt from military service and pays no taxes. He can buy food, wine, cigarettes, gasoline, even a car at far lower prices than in Rome. But he can never own the house he lives in. He must have special permission to carry a camera, and must submit every snapshot to police inspection.

He has to accustom himself to inflexible "house rules." For example, if he wishes to sleep in his own bed, he must be home at 11 P.M. At that hour the Vatican City gates are closed. No citizen owns a key; there is no bell to ring. The gates will remain closed until 6 A.M., when the first Mass is said.

A Swiss guardsman at the gates asks each outsider seeking admission where he wishes to go. If you have no specific destination, you are not admitted. But if you have, you are shown into an office where you must give your name, address, and occupation. In the meantime, the person you wish to see has been asked by telephone if he wishes to see *you*. If he approves, you get a

pass bearing the name of the person you are going to see and the exact time of your arrival.

Although the city is very small, it is remarkably difficult to find your way around in it unassisted. There are no direction posts or placards. Your movements are guided entirely by the papal gendarmes, stationed in all parts of the city. (The gendarmes are not to be confused with the famous Swiss Guards, who constitute the papal "army.") You are steered rapidly from one gendarme to the next until you reach your destination.

The main buildings of Vatican City are, of course, the Basilica of St. Peter and the enormous Papal palace, which includes the papal apartments, the Secretariat of State, and the great museum. Directly behind the basilica lies the Government House, a modern structure.

Of the many priests' colleges at Rome, only one is situated within Vatican City, and all its students are Negroes. It is called the Ethiopian college, but its students come not just from Ethiopia but from the Sudan, Belgian Congo, Kenya, and Tanganyika.

The Vatican radio station is in a corner of the city. It was opened in February, 1931, by Guglielmo Marconi in the presence of Pope Pius XI, first Sovereign Pontiff to broadcast a message to the whole world. A powerful new transmitter will be erected in the near future about 11 miles north of Rome. But the stu-

dios will stay where they now are.

You'll find no drugstore (in the American sense) and no bar in Vatican City. However, during the morning you can get refreshments at a little counter within the basilica, near the sacristy. There is a Vatican pharmacy, a first-aid station, and a post office. Vatican stamps are favorites with collectors, and the sale of stamps is an important source of income for the tiny state. You don't have to enter the city to buy the stamps; they are sold in two little offices on St. Peter's square. But if you wish to send a letter home with one of these stamps on the envelope, you'll have to mail it right there, for the stamps have no legal currency in Italian post offices.

The offices of the Vatican newspaper, *Osservatore Romano*, are within the walls, but it is technically incorrect to call this paper the official publication of the Holy See, as is often done. The only really official publication is the *Acta Apostolicae Sedis*, a kind of monthly magazine.

However, the *Osservatore* may surely be called semiofficial. It is run off on the same presses that print the Pope's encyclicals and addresses. It has readers all over the world, mainly among the clergy. It can be bought on every newsstand in Rome. No other newspaper is sold in Vatican territory, but Vatican citizens may buy other papers outside the walls or receive them through the mail.

There is a newsstand in the shadow of Bernini's colonnade, which embraces St. Peter's square. Every morning the proprietor of the newsstand delivers to the Vatican two copies of *Unità*, official daily of the Italian Communist party. One is for the Holy Father; the other, for his secretary of state.

The Vatican railway station is now strictly a freight depot, where goods are brought into the city free of Italian customs duty. In the old days, when the papal territory included a large portion of central Italy, the station was also a passenger depot. Pope Pius IX even had his coach of state. You can still see *il trenino di Pio IX* (the little train of Pius IX) in a Roman museum.

The Vatican once had its own merchant fleet and its own harbor, at Civitavecchia, northwest of Rome. In recent years, it has been suggested that the fleet should be revived, and that the Vatican should also have an air fleet and airport. A clause in the Lateran treaty indicates that the Papacy has a right to such things, but the Vatican has never had occasion to press the point.

The papal soldiers, the Swiss Guards, are not just called Swiss; tradition requires that every one of them be a Swiss citizen. Most of them come from the German-speaking Swiss province of Lucerne. At one time, the corps consisted of about 450 men; now the number is barely 150. Enlistees are fewer than

in the old days principally because the pay is very low, and wages back home in Switzerland are about the highest in Europe.

The men must be single, must enlist for three years, and are not allowed to marry during that time. Nowadays, most of them are poor students who wish to support themselves during a prolonged stay in Rome. Their commander is a Swiss baron, whose ancestors for generations commanded the papal army. He and his officers may marry.

The barracks and messroom of the Swiss Guards are within Vatican City. The mess used to be open to the public, and was much frequented, for prices are lower there than in Rome. But since the last war, only Vatican citizens, their guests, and occasionally Swiss residents of Rome are admitted.

If you visit Rome, you probably will try to be present at a general audience with the Holy Father. Fortunately, that's a very easy thing to do. You can get a ticket at your country's embassy or legation, or at the office of the pontifical chamberlain, who superintends the audiences. (As a matter of fact, audiences are so crowded that it is often possible for a person who has no ticket to squeeze in without being noticed.)

No special dress is required for attendance at a general audience. A lady does not even have to wear a hat, though it is better if she does. But she must wear stockings, and



her dress must have long sleeves and cover her from neck to well below the knees. Women wearing slacks are refused entry to Vatican City and to St. Peter's.

For special and private audiences, more formal attire is necessary. In a special audience, the visitor has a chance to talk personally with the Holy Father for a few minutes in a little antechamber. In a private audience, the Pope receives his visitor (usually a distinguished guest who has important ecclesiastical or political matters to discuss) in his private study. Since the last serious

illness of Pius XII, private audiences have been kept to a minimum and special audiences have been practically abolished.

The daily life of Vatican City may not appear on the surface to be much different from that of the capital city of any small nation. But at the center of it is the Vicar of Christ, spiritual head of 460 million people. He is the only chief of state whose decisions are always of truly international, intercontinental significance. In that sense, the boundaries of tiny Vatican City may be said to reach to the ends of the earth.



### *Man into Beast*

A WOMAN WHOSE family had just moved into a new community was attending her first afternoon social. She soon found herself undergoing a rigid interrogation by the town's self-appointed social leader.

The society queen, having firmly established her superiority to the newcomer in every other respect, finally turned the discussion to the subject of husbands. She drew out the information that the new people didn't belong to any clubs.

"My husband, Mr. Abercrombie," she sniffed, "is, among other things, an Elk, a Moose, an Eagle, and a Lion."

"Indeed," remarked the other woman, softly. "How much does it cost to see him?"

T. James Mack.



A FRENCHMAN, struggling with the English language, turned to an American friend for help. "What," he inquired, "is polar bear?"

"A polar bear? Oh, he lives way up north."

"Yes, but what does he do?" asked the Frenchman, puzzled.

"Oh, nothing—just sits on a cake of ice and eats fish."

"Zat settle. I will not accept."

"What do you mean, you won't accept?" It was the American's turn to be puzzled.

"Zut!" replied the Frenchman with heat. "They ask me to be polar bear at a funeral. Zat I shall not do."

*Drovers Telegram.*



# A New Approach to Psychiatry

*Healer and patient learn from each other at the Georgetown clinic*



DOCTOR, THESE headaches are ruining my life! Please, can't you do something for me?" The attractive, middle-aged woman pressed a hand to her forehead and sobbed.

Her statement sounds exaggerated, but it wasn't. The throbbing pain, sometimes lasting for hours, had forced her to quit her job and spend most of her time in bed. Yet her own physician could find nothing physically wrong with her. Now, on his advice, she had come to a clinic at the Georgetown University hospital in Washington, D.C.

"People tell me my pain is imaginary," she continued. "But I can't believe I'm going crazy. Surely, if I have pain like that, there must be something wrong. Can't you help me?"

The Georgetown doctor rather thought he could, and with good reason. In the nine years of its existence, the hospital's psychiatric outpatient clinic has helped hundreds of people, many of whom had suffered from considerably worse ailments than unexplained headaches.

The Georgetown clinic, first psychiatric clinic in the country to be associated with a Catholic hospital, is open to all troubled people in the Washington area regardless of means or religion. They come on their own initiative or are sent by doctors, churches, social-service agencies, or the courts. They may be laborers, clerks, housewives, professional people. Some pay no fees; others pay up to \$2 a visit (those who can afford more are referred elsewhere).

The clinic is supported in part by the U. S. Public Health Service, in part by the small fees charged, but in the main by Georgetown itself, a private university with an interest in the community.

Another unusual feature of this psychiatric clinic is the make-up of its staff. The director, Dr. Richard Steinbach, is a qualified psychiatrist. But most of the other members are student doctors, seniors in the Medi-

cal school of Georgetown university. Each senior takes immediate responsibility for four patients over a period of two-and-a-half months. He sees each of them once a week for an hour at a time.

Some medical men may look down their noses at the idea of staffing a psychiatric clinic with medical students. But Georgetown, one of the first medical schools to try the plan, finds that it works out fine. The reason lies in the system. Highly qualified psychiatrists take ultimate responsibility for each patient, and exercise close supervision over each student's work. Each psychiatrist stands ready to assume complete charge of a case on short notice should any student come up against a problem he can't handle.

In a sense, what the clinic does for the students is as important as what it does for the patients. Out of, say, 100 students in Georgetown's senior class, perhaps eight or ten will go on to specialize in psychiatry. The others will practice general medicine, or specialize in such branches as surgery, gynecology, or pediatrics. The basic training they receive in psychiatric techniques will prove invaluable to them in whatever branch of medicine they choose, since the ailments of at least six out of every ten persons who go to a doctor have emotional roots.

Each week, at staff conferences, the students air problems of general interest. "I have a patient who's

utterly withdrawn," one of them may say. "Won't speak a word. I can't get near enough to him to help him. What do I do—treat him rough?"

Of course not, he's told. You never treat anybody rough in this business. If you can't get at his problem, walk around it. You may see the answer.

Dr. Steinbach says, "Actually handling cases for ten weeks in a psychiatric clinic makes a student a better physician, no matter what his field of medicine. He learns how important it is for a doctor to have a sympathetic relationship with his patient. He sees that a good doctor tries to understand his patient completely."

Thanks to such staff methods, more than 80% of all patients coming to the clinic gain some improvement, and many are redirected from paths leading straight to a mental hospital.

The woman with the headaches is a good example of what can happen when a doctor manages to get at the emotional root of an ailment. This woman might well have become a lifelong invalid but for the psychiatrist who heard her story at the clinic. He was struck by one fact: her first headache had developed a few days after her only son had told her that he was getting married and moving to another city.

Acting on the psychiatrist's advice, a student doctor, session by session, drew out the details. The

woman felt angry with her son for leaving home, but was unwilling to express her anger. Deep within her she felt guilty about being angry. The pressures of her unexpressed anger plus her guilt feelings had caused the headaches to develop.

As the woman came to see that she had no real reason for feeling either angry or guilty, her headaches disappeared. Within a few months of her first visit to the clinic, she returned to her job.

Many other people come to the clinic carrying a great burden of guilt. Such guilt feelings, psychiatrists say, are usually groundless.

A certain middle-aged widow had worked herself into a highly nervous state because of an obsession that she had killed her husband. For 25 years, she explained, her husband had been unable to hold a steady job, so she had operated a beauty parlor to support the family.

Finally, in a fit of anger she announced that she was leaving him. Her husband then went out and got a job. Five days later he suffered a cerebral hemorrhage (stroke) and died. "I killed him," his widow kept insisting.

"That was a false sense of guilt, of course," Dr. Steinbach points out. "But you can't talk a person out of such things because the feeling of guilt is really only a symbol of something else. You have to find out what is behind the symbol."

In this case, it was the woman's fear of her own aggressiveness. All

her life she had felt it wrong to express anger, and when her husband died so soon after her emotional outburst, her subconscious fears were confirmed. It took many weeks with the doctor, but as she came to understand herself better she was able to take a more rational view of her husband's death.

Fred's trouble was more involved. Married less than a year, he and his wife had talked to their parish priest because their marriage had become unsatisfactory to both of them. The priest had urged them to consult the clinic.

Muriel, the wife, proved to be a rather formidable young woman who enjoyed managing everybody and everything, including her husband's pay check. This was all right with Fred; he enjoyed being bossed—at least so he said and so he thought. But the clinic discovered that, deep within himself, he resented his wife's domineering ways. He never expressed his resentment openly because he was afraid his wife might do something to harm him, and this combination of resentment and fear made him an unsatisfactory husband, to say the least.

Fred himself didn't recognize his problem. As in many cases of emotional trouble, the facts came out only very gradually as he talked for an hour every week with a doctor who understood him.

Fred's problem went back to his childhood. His mother and father

had separated, and he had grown to manhood with the subconscious feeling that his mother had let him down, and that other women would do the same.

Other factors were involved, so his case was a fairly complex one. But after a year Fred lost much of his fear of women and came to see that there are advantages in being independent. One morning he told his wife that henceforth he was writing out the checks and paying the bills—a sure sign of his improvement. Fred and Muriel are getting along much better these days. They feel that the clinic has saved their marriage.

Georgetown student doctors learn early the importance of a good relationship between parents and children. People like the widowed Mrs. D. and her daughter Jessie illustrate the point.

Jessie, 15, woke up one morning last winter with a sore throat. Next morning her throat was better, but she suddenly fainted. Twice later that day, she fainted again.

Terrified, Mrs. D. took her daughter to a hospital. Jessie was kept under observation two days, but the hospital found nothing wrong and sent her home. For the next three weeks, the fainting spells continued. The family doctor then advised Mrs. D. to take the girl to the Georgetown clinic.

A thorough medical examination (such as is given to all patients) confirmed the earlier findings: Jes-

sie was all right physically. But as she talked about herself, a significant incident was recalled. A few months earlier, her mother had become ill at work, and was taken to a doctor's office. Jessie heard the news by phone, and was terrified.

Later, it also developed that Jessie was envious of her older brother because, she thought, her mother showed him more attention. Mrs. D. herself dropped another clue to the trouble: she had started going out with a man, and was thinking of getting married again.

Poor Jessie! Her fears that she would lose her mother and her unconscious attempts to get more affection had led to a form of hysteria, which had shown itself in fainting spells.

As with most other patients, the mere fact that she had someone sympathetic to talk to, week after week, about her worries and fears helped Jessie tremendously. In this instance, however, the clinic concentrated its efforts on the parent. The doctors helped Mrs. D. to understand Jessie's worries and suggested that she spend more time with her. They particularly encouraged activities that would enable Jessie to identify herself with her mother, to see that she was like her and feel close to her.

"What a psychiatrist calls *identification*," explains Dr. Steinbach, "is an important part of the way a child develops. A boy learns to be a man by trying to be like his

father. A girl learns to be a woman by emulating her mother. To form a close relationship with your parents in childhood is to lay a basis for real security."

Mrs. D. began taking Jessie shopping with her, planning meals with her, and teaching her to cook. Once they went to a fashion show together; another time to a church bazaar. Within five months after they first came to the clinic, Jessie's fainting spells had disappeared.

Carol, an attractive looking young woman in her 30's, was far more seriously ill than Jessie. She had delusions of persecution. Three of the people from the company she worked for were constantly following her, she said. Halfway through her first interview at the clinic she jumped up from her chair, pointed to the door, and screamed, "There he is now, watching us through the keyhole."

The doctor diagnosed her trouble as schizophrenia with paranoid tendencies. Mental hospitals are full of persons like that, but the clinic's aim is to treat its patients in as normal an atmosphere as possible.

As the weekly interviews went by, it became apparent that Carol's basic trouble was that she couldn't trust anyone. Even when people tried to be kind to her, she felt that they secretly despised her. She lived almost as a recluse.

Her mother, it developed, had been sickly, and as a child, Carol felt deserted. If she wanted to go

on a picnic, her mother would be too ill to take her; if she needed a new dress, she would have to wait until her mother felt well enough to go shopping. As Carol grew up, she became convinced, subconsciously, that since she couldn't depend on her mother, she couldn't depend on anyone.

This was one of the clinic's most difficult cases, but one of the most rewarding. After two years, the harassed look is gone from Carol's face. Recently she got a raise. Better yet, she has made friends. She feels at ease for the first time in years.

What happened? She became convinced that the doctors at the clinic were genuinely interested in her. Gradually, she put her trust in them. After that she could see that other people could be trusted, too.

Sometimes, patients who come to the Georgetown clinic never need go further than the warmhearted, intelligent young women who staff its social-service department. These young women have the task of helping people meet needs that aren't strictly medical.

When Mildred arrived at the clinic, for example, she had no home and no job. She never smiled, partly because she could find nothing to smile about and partly because, though only 22, she had lost her front teeth. To make matters worse, her eyes were crossed.

Here was a friendless young woman with crossed eyes, no front

teeth, and a feeling of deep despondency. A layman might have called the situation hopeless, but the social worker saw it only as a challenge. She ordered dentures made for Mildred. Then she arranged for an operation at Georgetown hospital to correct the young woman's eyes. Next, she guided her to a course of training as a nurse's aid. She obtained financial aid for Mildred from the federal-state vocational rehabilitation program, which helps fit handicapped persons to earn a living.

Today Mildred is a lovely and happy young woman. She has a good job. The correction of her physical defects had a great deal to do with the transformation, but the love and understanding she found at the clinic were what gave her the courage to start a new life.

Dr. Robert P. Nenno, assistant to Dr. George N. Raines, Chief of Georgetown's department of psychiatry, points to one of the most remarkable aspects of the clinic: theoretically, it should not work. That's because, contrary to what is commonly regarded as the best practice in psychiatry, the patients have to change doctors every ten weeks, as each new crop of student doctors

comes along for work at the clinic.

"But," continues Dr. Nenno, "when you see a person who is suffering from schizophrenia come in, so sick that he actually believes people are following him down the hospital corridor, and go out within the year perfectly well and holding a responsible job, you know that the clinic does work."

The explanation seems to be that since patients cannot develop a sense of sustained dependence upon the doctor, most of them develop one for the clinic itself, or the hospital. Their doctor moves on, but the institution remains the same.

It is a good thing that the plan does work, because there are only about 10,000 qualified psychiatrists in the U.S. today. Two or three times that many are needed. The use of student doctors helps to stretch our meager psychiatric resources. What's more, it helps to build for the future. Right now, people are being helped who otherwise would have to go without help. And those young men who soon will be doctors will be able to treat their patients with greater sympathy and understanding, thanks to the experience they are gaining at Georgetown.



### *End Quote*

**T**HIS YEAR there are motor cars for the young in heart, for leaders in world affairs, for the man who demands the finest, and for those who look beyond tomorrow. Anything for those who just want to get to work and back?

*Bill Vaughan, Kansas City Star columnist, quoted in Look (7 Feb. '56).*



## You Don't Have to Sue

*Arbitration can bring a quick, inexpensive decision without a lawsuit*



FACING A lawsuit? No? Well, not now, maybe, but you never can be sure. Fortunately, there's a way to save yourself money, time, temper, and worry. It's called arbitration. You should know about how it works, and how you can use it. It's not something you'll use often; maybe never, if you're lucky enough. But like an insurance policy, it's there in case you need it.

Suppose your car collides with another car. Or the suit you sent to the cleaners (your best one) comes back ruined. Perhaps the firm that makes the products you sell has sent you a faulty shipment. They claim it was spoiled after it reached you, and they won't make good. Or maybe the contractor who just finished building your home failed to carry out several of his promises.

What can you do? Being human, and feeling that your rights have been stepped on, you may get angry enough to sue. But hold on! Lawsuits are expensive. Not only

that, there is usually a long delay before the case is heard. Months maybe, even years. In the New York Supreme court, for example, there is a backlog of 13,000 accident cases. This means a delay of about four years for the average court case. Other cities, too, are swamped with lawsuits. During the delay, costs mount, witnesses disappear, and worry and tension over the outcome may get you down.

The waiting, expense, and worry can be whittled considerably by arbitration. In practically any place you live, large town or small, you can take advantage of this simple, inexpensive way of handling disputes.

To start the arbitration wheels rolling, in a present disagreement, you and your opponent write a short

\*5316 Sheridan Rd., Chicago 40, Ill. February, 1956. © 1956 by Napoleon Hill Associates, and reprinted with permission.



letter to the American Arbitration association, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y. The letter might go like this. "Dear Sir: We, the undersigned, were in a traffic accident in this city on Jan. 15, 1956. We each claim the other ignored a stop sign, thus causing the collision. We would like to settle the matter by arbitration."

It is necessary to tell in your letter the type of dispute. Within a few days you'll receive a reply, giving you a list of prominent citizens in your area who are familiar with that particular subject. For traffic accidents, the list might include a retired judge, a traffic consultant, the head of a law firm. If the disagreement involved cloth or clothing, names of textile experts would be suggested.

You indicate your preference, and mail the list back to the association. In a few weeks you'll be notified as to time and place of hearing and the name of the arbitrator. In trying to please both you and your opponent, the association chooses the man for whom you both showed the highest preference. In small cases, only one arbitrator is chosen; in larger and more complicated ones, three.

The meeting will be informal. There will be no stenographer, unless you request one, and no court protocol. You'll both tell your side of the story. The arbitrator will listen, weigh the evidence, and then give a decision.

All this usually takes about an hour. Because the arbitrator is an expert in the field, he can draw on his experience and knowledge to get him to the bottom of the situation quickly. He doesn't require briefing on technical points to judge the case.

His decision is final. It carries the force of a court decision in most states. The only grounds for appeal to the courts are fraud, bias, or misuse of authority by the arbitrator. In the entire history of the association, very few decisions have been reversed.

Arbitration agreements had very little standing in court until 1920, when New York State passed the first arbitration law. Then, in 1926, Charles M. Schwab, Felix Warburg, Charles Evans Hughes, Harlan F. Stone, and Herbert Hoover founded the national association. Growth, however, was slow until recent years. Now, the association has a distinguished list of 13,000 arbitrators in 1,600 cities throughout the U.S. It also cooperates with agencies in foreign countries. In 1954, nationals of 35 countries requested help in settling disputes.

In one case, a disagreement between a North American cosmetic company and a Bogotá, Colombia, importer arose over royalty payments involving the current dollar shortage. A three-member board, known and respected in both countries, and made up of experts in international economics, heard both

sides and handed down a decision.

Other foreign cases have concerned lumber from Yugoslavia, upholstery velvet from Germany, mineral products from Mexico, whip-snake skins from India, rush squares from Indo-China.

The arbitration setup is adaptable. If you can't go to the arbitrators, they will come to you. One man, suffering from a heart attack, couldn't leave his bed. The hearing was held at his bedside. In Washington, D.C., a complaint to the association charged a contractor with 40 violations in building a new home. Three arbitrators, all highly qualified in the building field, went out to the home. They inspected it from roof to basement, checking and ruling on all 40 complaints.

Arbitrators are not paid for their services, except for a nominal fee in labor disputes. They consider it an honor to be invited to serve. Only men who are considered highly competent and who are respected in their communities receive such an invitation. The association is nonprofit. Its directorate includes some of the greatest names in the country.

To maintain itself, and for expansion, the association does charge a modest arbitration fee. This is especially reasonable compared to court costs. The minimum fee is \$25, although that may be waived if the amount involved is less. Otherwise, the fees range from

1½% of the amount of the claim in small cases, to 1/10 of 1% in larger ones. When the grievance is concerned with labor, it's a flat fee of \$25 per hearing. (It is estimated that 93% of all U.S. labor contracts carry arbitration clauses.) The smallest case ever handled was one for \$1.47; the largest, \$8 million.

In the early days of the association, lawyers did not appear in arbitration cases because they looked on it as competition. However, by 1936 they were appearing in 10% of the cases. Today, they are in on 91% of all arbitration proceedings.

Most of them no longer consider arbitration as a rival. They realize that it is an extension of the court system, not a replacement. As the truck and the car each has its particular use, so does the law court and arbitration. Cases that involve a question of law rather than merely a question of fact must be heard in court. Nor can arbitration be used in cases involving crime, minors, domestic relations, or title to real property.

One of the biggest advantages in arbitration is that there is no undesirable publicity. Hearings are private. Personal and business relationships are not destroyed, as they so often are by lawsuits. And tempers seldom reach the boiling point in the informal atmosphere of the arbitration room. There's more of a feeling of "Let's talk this over and see what can be done to right matters between us."

## Burglarproof Your Home

*Vacation time is the busy season for sneak thieves*

**I**F YOU'RE going on a vacation this summer, you've probably given a lot of thought to the clothes you'll take along, the reservations you'll need, the expenses you'll encounter. But unless you plan now how to safeguard your home while you're away, that vacation may turn out to be far more expensive than you bargained for.

Of the many types of burglars, quite a few specialize in looting houses left unguarded by vacationers. Once such burglars get in, they can pursue their craft with little fear of embarrassing interruptions.

To get such a clear field for his operations, a burglar is willing to go to a lot of trouble, but he often finds it unnecessary, since he gets much unwitting help from victims. They leave doors and windows unlocked; they allow papers, mail, and milk to accumulate on porches and notify prospective thieves that the residents are away. Some will even leave messages in the mailbox: "Key to front door is under porch mat." Others, going a step further, will broadcast their vacation plans through the society columns of the local newspapers. Any enterprising burglar will be quick to respond to such thoughtfulness.



Small wonder that an all-time high of 519,190 (1,422 a day) burglaries was reached in the U. S. in 1954, according to FBI reports. Such forays netted the criminals some \$91 million of presumably tax-free income with comparatively little risk, since the same FBI report shows that fewer than 30% of such crimes against property resulted in an arrest.

Of course, not all this loot was taken from vacationers. Most burglars are constantly on the alert to spot any possible opportunity. Some of them, working as door-to-door salesmen, make a good income legitimately, yet remain always on the lookout to seize anything that they can steal. A salesman's sample case can provide excellent means for getting away with the swag.

Keeping a chain on the door is a good way to foil this particular type of thief.

The "party" burglar can work day or night. He carefully follows the society news to discover where large parties are being held. While the festivities are in progress in one part of the house, he is going through guests' coats and purses in another part.

Similar to the party burglar is the "2nd-story man," who also operates in occupied houses while the family is busy watching TV or playing Scrabble. With a ladder, he can gain entrance to your bedroom in minutes. If you live in a ranch-type house which has the bedrooms in a separate wing, things are even easier for him.

Some burglars will toss a rock through the windows of a darkened house. If no light goes on, they'll move in, feeling pretty certain that they can work undisturbed. So if a rock should come crashing through your window in the dead of night, first phone the police; then turn on the lights.

Yale & Towne, largest lock-making organization in the world, has conducted extensive research on the best methods of foiling burglars. So has Richard L. Holcomb, chief of the Bureau of Police Science of Iowa State university. The findings of both projects are essentially the same. The best way to safeguard your valuables is to keep them securely locked up. A useful device

for closets and drawers is a portable travelok.

Here are some other recommendations compiled by Professor Holcomb and Yale & Towne officials for burglarproofing your home or apartment.

1. Don't notify the society editor of your newspaper of your vacation plans. Wait until you get back. But do tell the newsboy, milkman, and mailman to stop deliveries. Ask a neighbor to pick up any packages that may be left while you're away. If possible, get the police to make an occasional check of your house and grounds.

2. Don't leave the shades down when vacating the house for an indefinite period.

3. Make sure that all windows are locked whenever you leave the house, even for a short time. Keep ladders locked in the garage.

4. Hook storm windows and screens from the inside.

5. If you're going to be gone only for the evening, leave a light on in at least two rooms of the house. A bathroom light is especially recommended.

6. Report promptly to the police any solicitors who arouse your suspicion. Keep the chain fastened on the door when answering the bell.

7. Keep a record of all your valuables, including a brief description of each. Better still, keep them in a safe-deposit box at your bank; and while they are at home, keep them in a fireproof home safe.

8. If you like dogs, by all means keep one. with some assurance that you will return to find it just as you left it,

If you follow all these suggestions you can leave your house even to the unwashed cup in the kitchen sink.



### *Answers to 'New Words for You' (Page 90)*

1. Vociferous (vo-sif'er-us) b) Making a loud outcry; clamorous.

Could he ignore the *vociferous* demands of the mob?

2. Vocation (vo-ka'shon) h) A calling in life, especially a religious calling.

His *vocation* was to the contemplative life.

3. Avocation (av-o-ka'shon) i) A calling away from one's regular work; hobby or diversion.

Chaucer was a poet by *avocation*.

4. Evoke (e-vok') a) To call out; to summon.

The old man was unable to *evoke* one childhood memory.

5. Advocate (ad'vo-ka-tor) c) One who speaks or writes in support of something.

We cannot support an *advocate* of bigotry.

6. Convocation (kon-vo-ka'shon) d) A calling together; meeting.

The fifth annual *convocation* will be held next month.

7. Univocal (u-niv'o-kal) e) Having one meaning only; called with one voice; unmistakable.

The crucifix is a *univocal* symbol of Christianity.

8. Irrevocable (i-rev'o-ka-bl) f) That which cannot be called back; unalterable.

Dean Brown's decree is *irrevocable*.

9. Invoke (in-vok') g) To call on for blessing; implore; supplicate.

Through prayer we *invoke* God's blessing.

10. Equivocal (e-kwiv'o-kal) j) Equal calling of two or more meanings; vague or misleading.

He gives an *equivocal* reply to every question.

11. Devocalize (de-vo'kal-ize) k) To make a voiced sound inaudible.

Why do you *devocalize* the first vowel in your name?

12. Provoke (pro-vok') l) To call forth; incite; irritate.

John knew his speech would *provoke* the class.

(All correct: excellent; 10 correct: good; 8 correct: fair.)

# Weddings in the Family

Review by Francis Beauchesne Thornton

**S**HE HAD A nickname: Schatzi! The very sound was like her: soft as a kitten, and quiet as one. Her older sisters, Odile, the skinny one, and Helena, the beauty, who drew boys like magnets, had clear-cut personalities. But Schatzi had none. She was the little pitcher with the big ears, the insatiable blotter, an infantile Winchell in pigtails.

There was plenty to hear. In Dale Fife's book, *Weddings in the Family*, mama was as pretty as green-eyed women usually are. She was also an incredible romantic, a born matchmaker who sweated and schemed to marry off her brothers and sisters. Mama was a good Catholic—but her shrine of shrines was the “wedding wall” in the parlor, covered with wedding pictures.

This doesn't sound like much of a plot, but it is. The story is incredibly funny. Best of all, it's true. It has the richness of detail that went with life in Toledo in the early 1900's.

That was the time when the gates of America were wide open. Thousands of immigrants poured through Ellis Island: Russians, Poles, Armenians, Germans, Italians—the whole world seemed bent

on getting away from something, or to something. America was Utopia.

The reality didn't always prove to be what the heart yearned for, and that tragic story has been told and retold by our melancholy novelists and poets—sometimes with grace and power, but always with nostalgic sadness.

There is another side to the story. It has long needed telling. It's a grand saga of good cooking and happy faces, dominated by the warring of the urge to be American with the older modes and moods of the homeland. It is the story of happy assimilation into the new land, not measured in terms of money, but of human, heart-touching values.

The Houck family of Toledo was a rich mine for Schatzi. They were from Alsace, but hotly French in sympathy, in spite of the German language and customs foisted on them by their conquerors. One of mama's brothers imported his prospective bride, Marthe, from Alsace. Marthe arrived in tears. She loved old-country ways. The hilarious circumstances that led to Marthe's elopement with the wrong uncle are in the best vein of robust comedy.



Then there is Uncle Bertie, the most American of the lot, and the most dashing. The whole family was outraged when Bertie announced that he was going to marry an Irish girl, Kitty McCoy. The Houcks prepared themselves to dislike their new relations. After all, they were from a strange island, affected "tony" ways, and drank tea behind their lace curtains.

The entire Houck family went to the wedding on the streetcar, shining and proud of themselves, but doubtful of the outcome.

The wedding reception is like a daguerrotype of comedy. The hired caterers, the spindly gilt furniture, the tall potted palms, the brave face of fierce Irish pride masking modest circumstances would all be merely satirical if they were not recounted with the loving pen of Schatzi. The dreaded day resolves itself in a complete meeting of hearts and cultures. Irishmen and Germans join in the common songs they know, the women exchange recipes and confidences, the men bury their luxurious and important moustaches in steins of foaming brew. There is dancing and ringing laughter.

The description of the surrounding circumstances is beautifully compelling. Who does not remem-

ber the little groups of self-respecting foreigners, living their rich lives in the shadow of national churches whose flamboyant stone spires pierce God's sky above every American city?

The Sisters' school was just around the corner, certifying that the multitudinous children would be well-grounded in their faith and the three R's. Weddings, Baptisms, family parties, livened with music of accordion and mouth organ, flying feet dancing the polka or Irish reels, saints' days and holydays faithfully kept—they have all flowed into the great stream of American life, enriching and strengthening us.

Life to the Houcks was a serious thing, but it was also high comedy spiced with floods of emotion, good food, and an even-handed weighing of genuine happiness that went far beyond the stacking up of bonds and moneybags. It was the real McCoy.

This book is bound to make a wonderful movie. It sums up a whole era in tones as fresh and graphic as today's Sunday supplement.

*Weddings in the Family* is published by Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, New York City (256 pp. \$3.50). See Catholic Digest Book Club advertisement on back cover.



**IT** TOOK a safety engineer to come up with a solution to the problem of what to do about back-seat drivers: give them a belt.

Harold Coffin in *Look* (17 April '56).

# NOW IN ITS 3rd PRINTING by GREAT POPULAR DEMAND!!!

**YOURS**

**WITH MEMBERSHIP IN THE**

for only

*Catholic Digest Book Club*

# 10¢

## A "MUST" Book for Every Catholic Family

Like a Pilgrimage to Rome!

IN THIS amazing new volume you can enjoy a personal trip through Vatican City and meet its personnel, guided by a veteran Vatican reporter who knows it most intimately!

You learn how, from his Vatican palace, our Holy Father administers his sovereignty over 470 million Catholics—over the most important institution in the world. Learn details of his private apartment, his personal life, his functions, powers and duties as Our Lord's representative on earth.

Value  
**\$4.50**



Pope Pius XII

"THE VATICAN" has been such a tremendously popular offer each time that our complete stock on this book has been quickly exhausted—TWICE! Now we feel compelled to make this very popular offer again for which we are preparing another printing. We expect this also to go fast so please do not wait to send for your copy! Fill out the coupon below and send it in TODAY!

This liberal offer is made to show you how the CATHOLIC DIGEST BOOK CLUB is bringing its members the very finest, most entertaining and inspiring new books that are of importance to Catholics—books that help encourage spiritual values and a wholesome Catholic atmosphere in the families of our Members!

Membership in the CATHOLIC DIGEST BOOK CLUB is Free! There are no fees. No need to check any Book Club Selection unless you want to . . . Just mail Coupon for money-saving membership in the Club and your copy of "THE VATICAN" for only 10¢! Each month you will receive FREE "THE KEY," an advance description of forthcoming selections offered at the Member's Reduced Price of only \$2.95 plus small shipping charge even if book retails at \$4, \$5 or more! You need accept only as few as 4 selections a year!

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!—NO MONEY NEEDED!

## Catholic Digest Book Club

100 Sixth Ave., New York 13, N. Y. CD 566

For only 10¢ (to be billed me later) please ship me, all charges prepaid, the FULL LENGTH book I have checked at right. I have also checked book I want as my first selection at the Special Member's Reduced Price of only \$2.95. Enroll me in the Catholic Digest Book Club and mail me free each month, "THE KEY" in which is described and illustrated each forthcoming selection.

I may reject any new selection by simply returning the monthly notice conveniently provided; and I may accept as few as 4 selections during an entire year and still retain full membership privileges.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

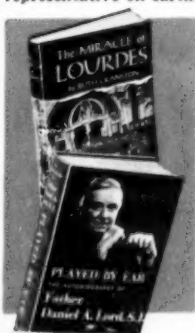
CITY \_\_\_\_\_

ZONE \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

### CHECK BOOK YOU WANT FOR 10¢

- ☐ THE VATICAN  
Retail Value \$4.50
- ☐ MIRACLE OF LOURDES  
Retail Value \$4.00
- ☐ PLAYED BY EAR  
Retail Value \$4.00
- ☐ ALL THREE BOOKS  
Retail Value \$12.50  
Yours for \$2.95 to be billed you later.



THE MIRACLE OF LOURDES—Why 2 million people visit the Grotto each year. Actual interviews with people who were cured. 8 pages of rare photos! Publisher's edition \$4. Yours for 10¢ instead of "The Vatican."

PLAYED BY EAR—Father Lord's gripping, inspiring, humorous life story. Your life will be better, happier, because of Fr. Lord! Cover photo. Publisher's edition \$4. Yours for 10¢ instead of "The Vatican."

# YOUR CHOICE

OF ONE OF THESE  
NEW CATHOLIC  
BEST-SELLERS

for only

# 10¢

As you know, Catholic Digest Book Club selections are chosen by your *Catholic Digest* editors from the most exciting, informative and *spiritually profitable* of the latest books. As a member, you will never have to wonder about what books to read — you will be *certain* of all avoidance of biased thinking and false propaganda! Your selections will always be important books you will treasure . . .

## The Club Catholics Demanded

Catholic Digest Book Club selections sell in book stores at prices ranging from \$3.95 to \$5.00. The Club however,

offers these same editions to members at the low price of only \$2.95 (plus small shipping charge) *regardless* of higher retail prices. You pay no fee to join and there are no dues. Each month you receive an illustrated description of the coming selection in the Club's magazine, "*The Key*." If you do not want the book, you simply return the card *conveniently* provided.

You are offered a selection each month, but you are *never* under the *slightest* obligation to accept any book. Full privileges may be retained even if you choose *only four books* during the entire year.

*Praised by Press and  
Public Everywhere . . .*

SEE OTHER SIDE OF THIS CARD

FIRST CLASS  
PERMIT NO. 40999  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

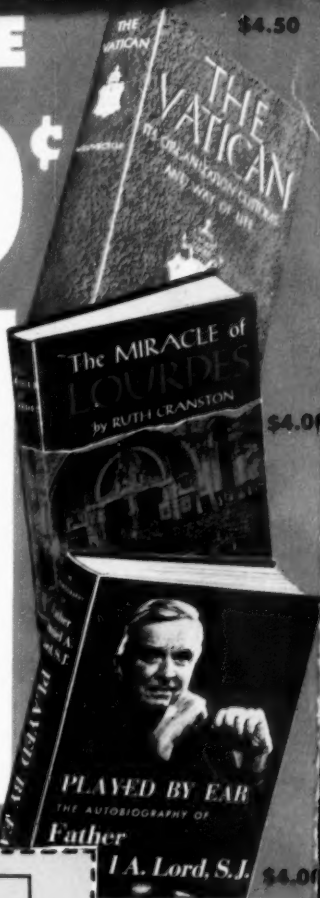
## BUSINESS REPLY CARD

NO STAMP NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

—4c POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY—

*Catholic Digest Book Club*

100 SIXTH AVENUE,  
NEW YORK 13, N. Y.



PLAYED BY EAR—Father Lord's inspiring and often humorous life story. Many incidents of his life will make you ponder, laugh, or maybe cry. Publisher's edition: \$4.00

THE MIRACLE OF LOURDES—Why 2 million people visit the Grotto each year. Actual interviews with people who were cured. Illus. Publisher's edition: \$4.00

THE VATICAN—A "mas" for every Catholic—almost like a pilgrimage. Full of facts you never knew before! Illustrated. Publisher's edition: \$4.50

**CUT OUT—  
MAIL NOW**